

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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STEAM FIRE DEPARTMENT OF CINCINNATI.

While in the Queen City of the West, attending the Great Railroad Celebration, our attention was called to the working of the Steam Fire Department of that city; and we must confess that what we saw filled us with astonishment and intense gratification. We are proud of New York city, and even love her faults, and have always been disposed to look upon our fire department with a degree of interest and pride; and we have always believed, and still believe, that the department contains some of the best and most chivalrous men in the world. But when we examine into the system of our department, and remember the inefficiency of our engines, and contrast both our system and our engines with what we saw in Cincinnati, we are forced to the conclusion, that New York is so immeasurably behind the times in her fire department, and that the most patriotic thing we can do is to give a sketch of what has been done in our sister city on the Ohio, as a first step, we trust, toward a thorough revolution. We now see no reason why every department of science and mechanics should be characterized by improvement, and the fire department of our city be alone paralyzed by clinging to the traditions of the past. It is a melancholy fact that we are, in this important matter, just where we were fifty years ago. We have improved in nothing except lavish expenditure upon our engine carriages—these things are indeed beautiful, they are glaring of crimson, ultra-marine, gilding, and solid silver—but their power to throw water, to put out a conflagration, is comparatively impotent and utterly unworthy the improvements of the age. Our descriptive matter and illustrations of the Cincinnati fire department, which will be found in other pages, will give to the most superficial reader our ideas, and show that our judgment against the New York fire department, however harsh it may seem at first, is founded in reason and in truth, and that, showing the part of wisdom, we must

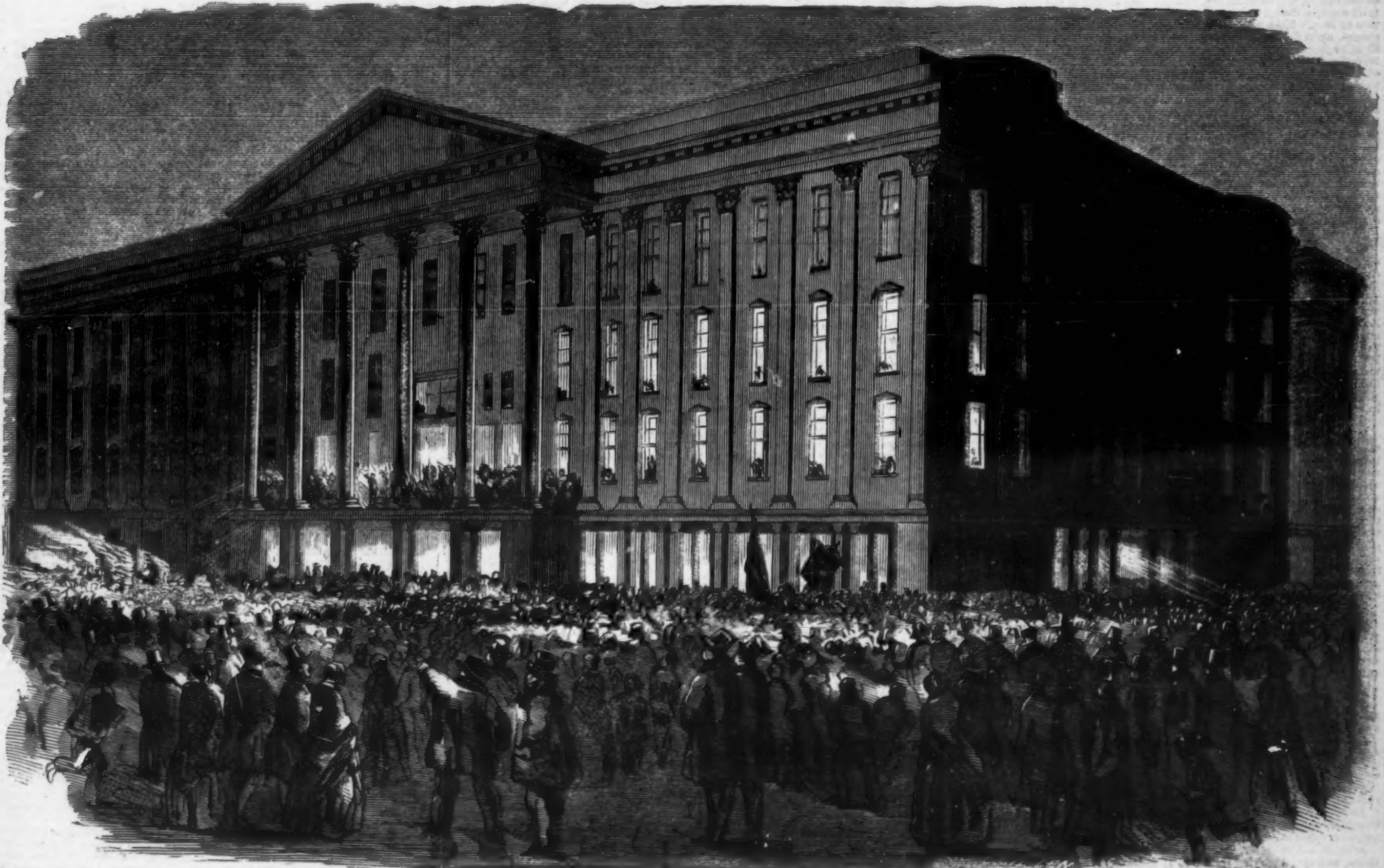


ELDER P. PARKER PRATT, MORMON APOSTLE. SEE PAGE 3.
FROM A MELAIOTYPE BY JONES.

improve on our resources by the happy experience of others. We can readily imagine that a reform so radical as will be brought about by "steamers" and a "pay department," and the reduction in men from three thousand down to three hundred, cannot be done without some noise and confusion, to say nothing of the total destruction of innumerable engine-houses, political patronage, and unmeaning routine; nevertheless, what we suggest must be done.

GREAT RAILROAD CELEBRATION. OPENING OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

The celebration of the opening of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, by means of which a perfect communication is completed between the cities of the Atlantic coast and those of the great valley of the "Father of Waters," inaugurates one of the most magnificent commercial and morally significant events that has ever signalized the enterprise of this growing country. The festivities, after several weeks of preparation, commenced at Cincinnati, on Wednesday, the 3d of June, and have, so far, been characterized by the most perfect good feeling and expansive patriotism. Commerce, says the spirit of the hour, is King, and when we facilitate the exchange of products we interlace our mutual interests, and bind our country together with bonds of indissoluble union. Politicians and croakers may threaten us with separation, may talk and spout about sectionalism, but these things are after all, among the masses—gas; and among our quasi statesmen, abstractions. Inspired with these notions, we have devoted large space in our pages, and have been regardless of expense, that we might bring the incidents of this great celebration to the firesides and social circles of every home in the country.



GEN. WILLIAM WALKER, OF NICARAGUA, ADDRESSING THE CITIZENS OF NEW ORLEANS FROM THE PORTICO OF THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL. SEE PAGE 3.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

We have one week's later news from Europe. Our extracts will be found to contain some curious and interesting items.

MOVEMENTS OF THE STEAMERS.

The U. S. frigate Niagara arrived at Deal on the 13th inst. The City of Washington arrived at Liverpool same day. The Fulton arrived at Southampton on the evening of the 14th inst. The steamship Indiana sailed from Southampton at noon of Wednesday, the 13th inst., for New York, with 425 passengers and a full cargo. The steamship Vanderbilt arrived off Cowes on the evening of Friday, the 15th inst. The Liverpool Times of the 16th instant says:

"The Vanderbilt arrived at Southampton last night from New York, which port she left on the 5th instant. She encountered very foggy weather from New York to the S. E. edge of the Banks of Newfoundland, and strong gales from N. W. to N. E., with high seas, thence to the 11th degree of longitude. She passed an iceberg in latitude 43 deg. 45 min., longitude 43."

Still, under these disadvantageous circumstances she made the passage in less than ten days. This is a brilliant achievement for a first passage, and promises to run the Pavia very close. On her homeward passage we should not be surprised if she beats the fastest time yet made.

PASSAGE OF THE U. S. FRIGATE NIAGARA.

A very interesting account of the first trip of the celebrated steam frigate Niagara across the Atlantic has been received by the New York Herald from a correspondent. We give some of the leading features of this interesting communication:

At eight o'clock in the evening of the 24th of April the U. S. steam frigate Niagara left New York, and arrived off Plymouth on the 15th inst., making the run to this port of the English Channel in seventeen days and a half. On the 14th inst., having anchored the evening previous at the mouth of the Thames, we arrived at Gravesend about 8 o'clock in the morning, and were obliged to come to anchor in consequence of information reaching us here to the effect that our dock at Greenwich, where we are to take the cable on board, was not ready.

We commenced our trial trip, starting from the light ship, at twenty minutes past 8 o'clock, according to the ship's log, and proceeded on our way to London, and the following day at 12 o'clock we were over one hundred and sixty-six miles from New York, but even at this distance out we spoke pilot boat No. 11, and gave them our longitude. The little crew of hardy, stout-hearted fellows by whom she was manned seemed to know what we were, and the mission on which we were bound, and waved their hats as a parting salute. Soon we lost sight of them, as they stood westward, but for two or three days afterwards we saw a large number of vessels outward and homeward bound. By 12 o'clock of the 25th, our distance from New York was increased to 371 miles, and although as yet the wind was rather moderate, we had attained a speed of eleven miles and a-half an hour.

SUNDAY ON BOARD THE NIAGARA.

The 26th was our first Sabbath at sea, and it was one of those days which will long be remembered by all on board the Niagara. The weather was as mild as an Indian summer, the ocean was hardly disturbed by a ripple, and the motion of our vessel was barely perceptible as she moved at the rate of ten or eleven miles through the water. It was reported throughout the ship that the captain intended to read the church service, and that all hands would be required to attend. The news was received more with favor than dissatisfaction—for, after all that may be said about the careless and dissipated habits of sailors, they have a strong feeling of veneration for religion. Whatever doubts might have been entertained in regard to the intentions of the captain, were soon dispelled by the hoisting of the church pennant, which is a small flag, displaying a blue cross on a white ground. This flag was run up to the main peak, and shortly after the measured tones of the ship's bell were heard, summoning the crew to the service. Temporary seats were constructed for the sailors, who sat facing the captain—while the officers, dressed in their uniform, occupied seats on either side of him. He had just opened the prayer book, and was proceeding to read from it, when an incident occurred which, for a few moments, attracted their attention from the service. A small land bird, which had been blown out to sea, it is supposed, in a gale of wind, and had sought shelter on our vessel, flew directly over the captain's head, and lit upon the bulwark immediately above him, where it remained for several minutes. Trifling as it may appear, the incident was regarded by the men as a most favorable omen, and the bird was treated with all the hospitality that could be bestowed on the most welcome guest. The day after the severe gale which we passed through it was noticed that he did not make his appearance on deck as usual, and the crumbs and water which had been placed there for him remained untouched. They looked for his return, but as he never came back, it was feared that the poor little fellow was lost during the storm.

From the day of our departure until the 2d of May the weather continued favorable, and on the 27th of April we had made 263 miles, having run as many as thirteen in one hour. This, however, was afterward beaten, as may be seen by reference to the log, by forty-one miles, when we were going under steam and sail up the English Channel.

THE STORM.

But on the 2d the weather changed, the wind freshened, and finally increased to a heavy gale. "The sea," says the log, was "rather rough," and there were none on the vessel that would not have been pleased to have it somewhat less so. During the whole two days it lasted she never once shipped a sea, and as easy in all her movements as a pilot boat under a moderate breeze. As she rose each time on the crest of a gigantic wave her propeller was thrown out of the water, and having nothing to act upon some apprehensions were felt that the shaft would be seriously damaged, or perhaps broken. It will be recollected that it was under similar circumstances that the steamship Atlantic was disabled, some years ago, by the breaking of a shaft; but our machinery was good, the builder of the engines had performed his work well, and to that fact, as well as the splendid sea qualities of the ship herself, we are not a little indebted for coming out of the gale as well as we did.

DEFECTIVE RIGGING.

It is to be regretted that the iron work of a portion, and perhaps the whole, of the rigging was so defective. In the very height of the gale it became painfully evident that it was made in the poorest manner and of the worst description of iron. Here were five hundred lives dependent, in no inconsiderable extent, upon the strength of the rigging, but when most required it was found to be so defective that it broke in several places. This was the case with the trysail gaff and the chain part of the shrouds, which gave way under the force of the wind. As the trysail gaff came down after the parting of the chain, two men who were standing close by the mainmast narrowly escaped with their lives. Had it struck them on the head both would have been killed or maimed for life. One of the iron rings, which parted right in the centre, has been preserved as a specimen of the workmanship, and it certainly deserves a place among the curiosities in the Navy Department at Washington. The broken pieces show that it was not half welded, and that the metal itself is of a very inferior description. The mainmast, too, became very shaky on account of the looseness with which the rigging had been put up; and at one time fears were felt that it would go overboard. To prevent so serious a catastrophe the men were employed in setting up or tightening the rigging, and by dint of hard labor, while the gale was strongest, they succeeded in securing the mast more firmly in its place.

THE STORM SUBSIDES.

The gale lasted from 12 o'clock on Saturday, the 2d inst., till about 1 o'clock on Monday morning, but the sea continued "rather rough" for four or five days after. There were times that we did not make more than two miles an hour against the wind and waves, and the greatest speed we reached was ten miles in the same time. During the twenty-four hours preceding 12 o'clock of the 4th inst., we ran only 108 miles, and those were made to the north-west. As we could not keep our course, we were not more than thirty-six miles nearer to London than we had been by twelve o'clock of the day before. On the 5th, however, we lessened the distance by seventy-six miles, on the 6th by 106, on the 7th by 86, and on the 8th by 26½, the shortest run we had made towards our destination on any one day since our departure. After this we improved considerably, and although on the 10th we came down to 76 miles, yet it was the only day on which the distance accomplished was less than two hundred miles.

THE SPEED OF THE NIAGARA.

We had several opportunities of testing her speed as compared with that of other ships which were going on the same course, and which were all left behind five or six hours, and sometimes less, after they were first seen from the deck. On our way up the English Channel, during the evening of the 11th instant, we passed two steamers, one of which endeavored for half an hour or so to keep up with us, but she finally gave up the contest, and her lights were soon lost in the increasing distance. Tuesday afternoon, the 12th instant, we took a channel pilot on board, off Start's Point, about a hundred miles west of the Isle of Wight, and the following day about one o'clock we arrived off Dungeness, where we engaged the services of another pilot for the Thames as far up as Gravesend. At the same time we received a salute from a Dutch frigate, which, when returned, and soon after we entered the Straits of Dover. A few hours after we were in the Downs, and that evening (18th instant) we anchored off the mouth of the Thames.

ARRIVAL AT GRAVESEND.

The following morning we weighed anchor as I have already stated, and proceeded up to Gravesend, about thirty miles from London; and then we were at present lying until such time as the dock can be made ready for us at Greenwich, opposite the manufactory where we are to receive the Atlantic submarine telegraph cable.

LOG OF THE PASSAGE TO LONDON.

APRIL 25.—At 12 M., lat. 40.19, long. 70.6, distance run in 24 hours, 236½ miles; at 7½ stopped the engines and set the main sail; at 11 30 started the engines again.
APRIL 26.—At 12 M., lat. 40.39, long. 65.55, under steam and sail; distance run, 217½ miles; speed varying from 8 to 18 miles per hour.
APRIL 27.—At 12 M., lat. 40.39, long. 60.13—distance run, 257½ miles; weather mild and breezes very moderate.
APRIL 28.—Lat. 41.28, long. 55.31; wind moderate and weather fair; distance run 220 miles—the quickest run in one hour was ten miles.
APRIL 29.—Lat. 41.55, long. 54.16; weather mild and smooth sea; winds though light, favorable; and under steam and sail the distance run was 289½ miles—a speed of 18 miles in one hour was attained in this run.
APRIL 30.—Lat. 42.07, long. 48.29; very slight breeze; distance run 284 miles, and speed varying from 9 to 11 miles an hour.

MAY 1.—Lat. 42.52, long. 38.21; wind blowing in moderate breezes; distance run 234 miles, and speed varying from 5 to 10 miles an hour.

MAY 2.—Lat. 43.33, long. 33.7; wind in light breezes, which freshened into a moderate gale about two o'clock; the run for this day was 236 miles and the speed varied from 6 to 18 miles an hour.

MAY 3.—Lat. 44.27, long. 27.19. The gale of the previous day, which had settled down considerably, freshened up and blew so hard that all the sails had to be furled, and the ship was put head to the wind under steam alone. At 9 A. M. carried away the port forward sprit of the main rigging, also the forward shroud. Called all hands, shortened and furled sail and commenced setting up the main rigging, which was found to be quite slack. The mainmast, which it was feared might come down during the rolling of the ship, was secured with pendant tackles. At 10 o'clock the trysail gaff was carried away, and it was discovered that the chain part of the shrouds was defective—the links which were carried away being only half welded. There was a heavy and irregular sea running from E. N. E. The distance run was 240 miles, and the speed varied from six to thirteen miles an hour.

MAY 4.—Lat. 45.13, long. 27.29; weather very thick. The distance run was about 100 miles, and the speed varied from 2 to 8 miles an hour. The main rigging, which was also very slack, was set up. The force of the gale diminished considerably about two o'clock in the morning, and by twelve it had subsided into a moderate breeze.

MAY 5.—Lat. 45.11, long. 23.41; weather still unfavorable. Distance run 103 miles.

MAY 6.—Lat. 45.50, long. 23.01; wind from the east and blowing in squalls. Length of the run 107 miles.

MAY 7.—Lat. 46.32, long. 23.01. Wind still easterly. Length of the run 113 miles.

MAY 8.—Lat. 47.30, long. 23.27. Wind easterly, with calms. Ran 70 miles.

MAY 9.—Lat. 47.53, long. 18.09. Length of the run 219 miles. Wind fair but moderate.

MAY 10.—Lat. 48.02, long. 16.16. Length of the run 76 miles. Wind fair but moderate.

MAY 11.—Lat. 48.54, long. 11.00. Length of the run 211 miles. Wind fair but moderate.

MAY 12.—Lat. 49.21, long. 5.19. Length of the run 230 miles. Wind fair. Arrived off Plymouth.

MAY 13.—Arrived at the mouth of the Thames, having made a run for the 24 hours ending 12 M. of 304 miles—the quickest during the passage. Anchored at 6½ P. M.

MAY 14.—Weighed anchor at 4 A. M., and proceeded up the Thames as far as Gravesend, where ship was brought again to anchor, as the dock and moorings at Greenwich were not ready for her reception. Steamed over 11 miles an hour going to Gravesend.

THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

There was very little business transacted in the English Parliament. The opium trade of China and India was discussed in the House of Lords. In the Commons, Lord Palmerston had given notice that he would bring in a bill to remodel Parliamentary oaths, and omit the words "on the true faith of a Christian," and thus admit Jews to Parliament. Leave was given to bring in the bill.

In the British Parliament Lord Palmerston had made an important speech respecting the isthmus of Panama, in which he noticed the policy of the United States Government towards New Granada, and defined the position of the British Cabinet with regard to the matter. The English fleet would lend a moral support to Mr. Buchanan's demand for redress, and the isthmus traffic should be rendered free and secure to and for the people of all nations. Lord Napier's speech in this city was highly approved by the London press.

Lord Elgin proceeded without delay from Alexandria to Suez, where he found the steamer Ava placed at his disposition, with orders to convey his lordship to Singapore, where he will await the French Imperial Commissioner.

Mr. Dallas had attended the Manchester Exhibition of Art, where his presence attracted great attention. The exhibition was a very decided success.

THE FRENCH COURT.

The French court was at Fontainebleau. The royal family were enjoying themselves with rural sports, and entertaining the Russian Archduke at the same time. His Imperial Highness will visit Queen Victoria in England—a fact which it was said explained the resignation of Sir Robert Peel as one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

PRINCE NAPOLEON.

Prince Napoleon had left Paris on a visit to the King of Prussia at Berlin, bearing a letter from Napoleon on the Neuchâtel matter, which is said to have had an excellent effect, but the Swiss Diet had refused to make any further concessions.

Rumors gained ground of an intended marriage between Prince Napoleon and the Princess of Hohenzollern.

FRENCH POLITICAL NEWS.

The French Legislative Body had fixed the subvention to the three transatlantic steamship lines at fourteen million francs per annum.

Two delegates from Newfoundland, who were sent to London on the subject of the convention concluded with the French Government regulating the right to fish on the banks of Newfoundland, have arrived in Paris, and are to be presented by Lord Cowley to Count Walewski.

The trial of the fourteen men accused of having got up a secret society for the overthrow of the French Government had been brought to a close at the Paris Tribunal of Correctional Police. Three of the accused were acquitted. Pilette, the chief, was condemned to fifteen months' imprisonment and a fine of 1,000 francs, the others to smaller fines and shorter terms of imprisonment.

M. the Baron Gros has been appointed by his Majesty the Emperor to repair to China in the character of Commissioner Extraordinary. His instructions are to demand from the Chinese Government reparation for certain grievances affecting France especially, and among them the murder of M. Chapelle; that he is, moreover, to ask for new commercial treaties, and that any combined action by the French and English forces will depend upon the result of Baron Gros's mission.

Lord Elgin has received from the Government of her Britannic Majesty an analogous mission, with the same title, and the two plenipotentiaries will lend each other mutual assistance in the negotiations which are confided to them, and the success of which would, without any doubt, open a new field to Christian civilization and the commerce of all nations.

THE SPANISH MEXICAN EMBASSY.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times, writing on 14th of May, says: "A telegraphic despatch from Madrid announces that M. Lafragua, the Mexican envoy, arrived there yesterday. He had this morning an audience of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. I have already mentioned the probability of a pacific arrangement of the quarrel between the two Governments. The latest despatches received by M. Lafragua from Mexico were of a satisfactory kind, and I have little doubt that, as a favorable disposition exists on both sides, zealously encouraged by the English and French ambassadors at Madrid, the affair will be terminated amicably. In that case the greater part of the troops sent out to the Gulf will be kept at Cuba to strengthen the garrisons of that island."

REMOVAL OF THE GOVERNOR OF CUBA.

There have been reports in Madrid of the intended removal of Gen. José Comacho from the command of Cuba, but they obtained little credit, as his term of service expires in October, until when it was thought he would be allowed to remain. Information, however, has just been given from a highly trustworthy source that his recall has been decided on in a Council of Ministers, and that he is to be replaced by Gen. Lersundi, at present Minister of Marine.

THE KING OF SPAIN A CONSPIRATOR.

The London Times tells of Queen Isabella's husband having been in a plot to dethrone her, and of his being under threat of trial for treason.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

The armada against Mexico had not yet left Cadiz, but all the troops and generals were on board awaiting final orders. The most beligerent feeling existed, and the prospect of some fighting seemed to be perfectly congenial to the sentiments of the Spanish army and navy.

NEW RUSSIAN MARITIME ESTABLISHMENT.

The Russians are founding a great maritime establishment on the River Amoor, which they call Port Imperial. Port Imperial is about 130 miles to the south of the Bay of Castries, in 48 deg. 58 min. north latitude, and 140 deg. 17 min. east longitude. The remains of the frigate Pallas, which the Russians sunk to save her from falling into the hands of the English, are still to be seen in the north-west part of the port. Two powerful batteries are being erected at this spot. The naval establishment of Port Imperial is to comprise factories, dry docks, large storehouses, powerful means of defence, and all the requisites for sheltering a large fleet.

RUSSIAN NEWS.

A son has been born to the Emperor and Empress of Russia. News from Siberia speaks of the arrival of two American Consuls who have made their way up the River Amoor to Irkutsk. Twenty-four ships of the sunken fleet have already been raised in the harbor of Sebastopol.

A frigate and a corvette are fitting out at Cronstadt for the China Seas. It is reported that a Russian Envoy Extraordinary is to take passage in the frigate. He is charged with a special mission to the Emperor of the Celestial Empire.

EXPERIMENT TO CHINA.

The Sardinian Government has resolved to send a ship or two to the Chinese waters, to combat alongside of the British squadron.

The Spanish Government has announced its intention to dispatch two ships-of-war to the China Seas, with an agent specially charged to conclude a treaty of commerce with the Celestial Empire, as soon as the situation of the country will permit it.

NEWS FROM PERSIA.

Advices from Constantinople, in Vienna, on 14th of May, state that after taking Mohammed Shah the English commander learned that the treaty of peace had been concluded, and ordered a suspension of hostilities.

The London Gazette publishes the dispatch of Sir James Outram, commanding the expeditionary force in Persia, containing the account of the operations against Mohammed Shah.

SUICIDE OF THE BRITISH GENERAL AND COMMODORE.

The Liverpool Times of May 16, says:—As a truly tragic episode of the Persian war, we have to mention the death, each by his own hand, of General Foster Stalker, commander of the forces, and Commodore Etheridge, of the navy.

The verdict on General Stalker's body was, that he came by his death from a pistol shot inflicted by his own hand in a fit of temporary insanity. There was no paper left to indicate this, and he was merely heard to complain that the 3d Cavalry was not given him; and was also uneasy about the responsibility of sheltering the European troops during the approaching hot weather.

The verdict on Commodore Etheridge was that he destroyed himself with his own hand while suffering under mental aberration, brought about by long continued anxiety connected with the duties of his command.

IMPORTANT FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

A salute of one hundred guns announced to the people of San Jose, at one o'clock on the 7th of May, the surrender of the filibusters; the ringing of the bells, music and cries of rejoicing manifested the enthusiasm of the people for the victors and for the re-establishment of peace. The towns and villages were illuminated during the night; everywhere there were music, fireworks, promenades, balls and merry reunions, and the national flag waving over all houses.

WALKER SURRENDERS TO THE UNITED STATES.

The siege of Rivas terminated on the 1st of May by the surrender of the town and garrison—by agreement or capitulation—to the United States flag, represented by Capt. Davis, of the United States sloop-of-war St. Marys. Gen. Walker, in fulfillment of the terms of this agreement, embarked the same evening on board the St. Marys, with sixteen officers, for Panama, and left the remainder of the garrison in charge of Lieut. McCorkle, of the United States navy, to embark at Virgin Bay for Tortugas, to be thence likewise transported via Tortugas and Punta Arenas to Panama.

WHAT WALKER DID AT RIVAS.

Since the sanguinary defeat of the allies in their attempt to storm Rivas on the 11th of April last, no military operation excepting slight skirmishes had taken place on either side. Desertion was decimating both camps. As regards Walker, it was four months and a half since he had occupied Rivas, during which time he had received no access from the Atlantic States, and only 150 American forces appeared to back them. It was over three months since the allies had occupied San Jorge with the intention of attacking Rivas, which they invested by forming round it four strongly entrenched camps, from which they opened fire on the town with two twenty-four pounders on the 22d March. During this period the allies brought into the field between 6,000 and 7,000 men. Nine actions of more or less importance had been fought, in which Gen. Walker lost a little over three hundred killed and wounded; but the desertions, which had increased to twenty a day, exceeded four hundred. About one month previously, he had commenced slaughtering his horses and mules, and continued to hold Rivas in anticipation of one of four probable events, viz.—The arrival of Lockridge, the arrival of reinforcements from California, the breaking up of the enemy's camp, and the rising of his friends in the north of the State of Nicaragua, who were waiting till the allies were sufficiently weakened, and till an American force appeared to back them. Lockridge was neither heard from nor heard of till the 30th of April. The Transit Company did not start their steamer as promised, on the 5th of April, from San Francisco, and probably intended to repudiate their engagement. The allies, though very near on several occasions breaking up, were encouraged by these circumstances, and by the desertion induced by paid agents in Rivas to renew their efforts and to persevere.

HOW THE ALLIES WERE USED UP.

The allies, on their part, had lost, according to their own avowal, between 2,000 and 2,500 men, besides 110 prisoners, in these operations.

Since the 11th of April, however, the allied army had received no reinforcement. Its last resources in men were clearly exhausted. All the best officers of the allies had been lost in the contest. Death and desertion had so far thinned their ranks that on the morning of the 1st of May their total force did not number 1,700 men. Of 3,500 Costa Ricans, Guatemalans and Hondurans (who had borne the chief brunt of the fighting), less than 600 remained. The stupendous barricades of their entrenched camps might protect them from Walker's weakness, and desertion was to a great extent impeded by inclosing their men at night; but their vast lines of trenches could no longer be manned effectually to impede him, and a night movement to follow him would have entailed the desertion of two-thirds of the men. On the 21st April, for instance, a party of forty Americans gathering plantains were attacked by ninety of the allies. After a little skirmishing both parties retired with ignominious haste. The Americans lost five, the enemy eleven killed and wounded, but only forty of the allies returned to their barricades, about the same number throwing away their arms, and improving the occasion to go home. In no case could the allied army have held together fourteen days longer.

THE REASON WHY WALKER SURRENDERED.

Walker was reduced to three days provisions, viz.: three horses, two mules, and two oxen, the latter having been reserved to draw cannon or ammunition. He was hampered with 175 sick and wounded, and over 100 prisoners. He had only 260 Americans (including officers) fit to carry arms, and forty natives. Of the Americans only about 200 could have been counted on for a march. On the 23d of April he had accepted the offer of Capt. Davis to remove the women and children, under safeguard of the American flag, to San Juan; and seventy American and native women and children (inclusive of many native women detained as spies) left Rivas, in charge of Lieut. Houston, of the St. Marys, on that day.

CAPT. DAVIS OFFERS TO MEDIATE.

On the 30th of April a communication was received from Capt. Davis, dated at the enemy's camp, with offers of mediation, but couched in terms which induced Gen. Walker to send Gen. Henningsen and Col. Waters to confer with him. The terms offered were preceded by the startling declaration of United States intervention and hostility—Capt. Davis expressing his determination to embargo and seize the schooner Granada.

THE MEDIATION ACCEPTED.

Not only, therefore, had Gen. Walker (left for nearly five months without communication with the Atlantic States) to contend against four foreign States, encouraged and aided by Great Britain, and against the servile and demagogic leaders of Nicaragua—not only had he the cowardice and treachery of such men as Bell, Titus and Wright to contend against in his own camp—not only had he to struggle against his abandonment by the Transit Company in his need, but he finds the United States arrayed in hostility against him in the hour of his necessity, and not till then. General Walker had previously expressed his intention to respect the stars and stripes, in the person of its agents, however humble, right or wrong, reserving his appeal to the American people. Under the circumstances of the case, the resolution of Capt. Davis became, therefore, as Gen. Henningsen anticipated, a determining fact. Gen. Walker, after accepting the subjunctive agreement, left Rivas at half past 8 P. M., accompanied by Lieut.-Col. Cole, Henry Rodgers and Tucker, by Col. Natzmer and Waters, by Captains McMichin, Hawkin, West and Williamson, by Lieuts. McMichael, Bacon and Brady, by Major Hoof, by Drs. Kellum and McIlhenry, and by Mr. Romer, and embarked that night. Gen. Henningsen remained with Lieut.-Col. Swingle, to deliver over the place and garrison to Capt. Davis. The officers and men, drawn up on the plaza, after hearing the general order read, gave three hearty cheers for General Walker, then three for Gen. Henningsen, and subsequently three for Capt. Davis, after they had been placed under his control. They were then made over to Dr. Taylor, to whom they delivered up their arms in the ordnance office.

THE END—NOT YET.

Walker's campaign is, for the present, ended. What he has done, and how he has done it, is a matter of history. His career, so wonderful in all its details—the end so great—the means so small—the dangers and the difficulties met and overcome—the hairbreadth escapes—the imminent hazards—the daring personal courage, sublimely prepared, no matter how instant the emergency—all these will be read hereafter as an historical romance of an interest the deepest and most absorbing; and a William Walker will be invested, like Cortes of old, with a glory which at the present time smacks more of the will-o'-the-wisp than the sober relations of truth. We speak of the first campaign. The second has yet to be acted; and we have much mistaken the indomitable spirit of Walker, and the evidences of sympathy exhibited for him in every section of the United States, if this second campaign is not summed up in three sentences—a triumphal return at the head of a greater force than he ever yet commanded—an utter subjugation of his enemies—and the permanent establishment of Walker as the head of a great Republic, that shall carry onward the glorious American principles of civilization and social and political liberty.

NAVY.

THE U. S. ship Saratoga sailed from Norfolk on the 23d of May. The following is a list of her officers: Commander, Frederick Chatard; Lieutenants, Andrew Bryson, Greenleaf Cilley, Bancroft Gherardi James W. Shirk Surgeon, S. Wilson Kellogg.

THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE MINNESOTA.—This vessel, says the Daily Times which is to carry Mr. Reed, the newly-appointed Minister to China, will probably set sail from Philadelphia in a few days. She stops at Norfolk, in order to take on board a number of cannon now lying in the Gosport Navy Yard. Her entire battery will weigh 180 tons, not including two brass howitzers, mounted on wheels, which are adapted for use in the ship's boats, in cutting out expeditions, and similar service. She is a three-decked ship, pierced for sixty guns; she will carry on this cruise forty-two, as follows: twenty-six nine-inch guns, fourteen eight-inch, and two ten-inch pivot guns. Those upon the upper deck are of recent invention. They are called Dalgren's guns, after Captain Dalgren, the head of the Ordnance Department, by whom they were designed. The two pivot guns are of immense size, each of them, with their carriage and slide, weighing 2,100 pounds. The slide is a stupendous framework mounted on wheels, which, by running upon brass sweeps, enables the gun to be fired in four different directions without changing the position of the ship. Eighteen men are required to work this huge instrument of devastation. The apartments to be occupied by Hon. Wm. R. Reed, U. S. Minister to China, are upon the after part of the spar-deck, in the immediate stern of the ship. The windows give an ample view on either side the rudder. The entire accommodations, consisting of four rooms, comprise an area of fifty by forty-three feet, the principal saloon or cabin being twenty-five feet by twenty-three; the others are the library and two sleeping rooms. All are painted in white, with gilt moldings. The furniture is of black walnut, consisting of sofas, tables, bedsteads, bookcases, etc., all of which were made at the navy yard. A new cabin is being erected on the upper deck for Captain Dupont, which will correspond in everything with that occupied by the Minister. The list of officers we published in our last issue. The whole crew will number 700.

Owing to her heavy draft of water, the Minnesota cannot approach nearer than within eighteen miles of Canton, while the same cause will keep her sixty miles off the port of Pekin, and forty miles off that of Shanghai.

LIGHT-HOUSE ON THE ISLAND OF SAN LORENZO.—Extract from a despatch from Wm. Miles, United States Consul at Callao, Peru, dated April 9, 1857:—"I have the honor to inform the department that a light-house has been erected on the hill at the north end of the island of San Lorenzo, at that entrance into this port, and is now lighted every night with a steady light. The light money is one-eighth of twelve and a half cents per ton register."

The Board of Naval Engineers, which has been in session for the past two weeks at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, has adjourned. The following gentlemen have been admitted into the navy, as third assistant engineers: Wm. P. Deganne, E. A. D. Duplain, Thomas Crenin, Samuel Savage, Joseph H. Warrington, of Pennsylvania; Francis J. Levering, N. B. Litting, Wm. R. Sealey, of Maryland; Chas. C. Kid, Benjamin C. Crampton, of New York; J. B. Houston, George S. Bright, Wm. L. Walter, George T. Houston, of the District of Columbia; Eben Hoyt, of Massachusetts; Wm. H. Ring, of Virginia; and John Johnson, of Delaware.

OBITUARY.

ANDREW P. BUTLER, a Senator of the United States, from South Carolina, and we believe the senior member of the Senate, died on Monday of droupy. Mr. Butler was a lawyer by profession, and has previously served his native State as a judge of the highest court. In Congress he was the leader of the disunionist party, and as such was assailed in the severest manner by Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, in the famous speech on the Kansas question. Mr. Sumner was afterwards assaulted under circumstances which are familiar to the public by Mr. Brooks, a nephew of Mr. Butler. Mr. Butler took his seat in the Senate in 1847, under appointment of Governor Johnston, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. McPherson. Mr. Butler always took strong pro-slavery grounds, and was sometimes rather more Roman than the Romans themselves. He was a fine specimen of the Southern gentleman of the ancient régime; handsome, well-built, above the usual height, and silver haired, he was the beau ideal of his class. He was exceedingly popular at Washington, even with his political opponents. His term in the Senate expires March 4, 1861. Mr. Butler was, during four years, the colleague of Mr. Calhoun. He was about sixty years of age. The brother of the late Senator, Colonel Pierce Butler, was Governor of the State, and fell at Cherubusco at the head of his regiment. The South Carolina family is connected with the Butlers of Pennsylvania and Kentucky, and they were all distinguished for their patriotism in the time of the Revolution.

James Bell, one of the Senators from New Hampshire, died on Tuesday, at his residence, in Gifford, N.H. Mr. Bell was a lawyer, and commenced political life as an old-fashioned conservative whig, after what was called in Boston the State street stripe. Mr. Bell's term will expire in 1861. He was an eminently respectable man in every point of view, and his constituency will hardly find a better representative. Mr. Bell was something over sixty years of age. The decease of Messrs. Butler and Bell will make no change in the political complexion of the Senate.

Orson Pratt, one of the leading men among the Mormons, was killed at Van Buren, Arkansas, last week, by a man whose wife he had seduced, and with whom and her children he was on his way to Utah when overtaken by the husband.

Mr. Henry Pratten, of Indiana, who died recently at Mount Vernon, in that State, was engaged in making a geological survey of Illinois, in connection with Dr. Norwood. Mr. Pratten resided in Mount Vernon many years, supporting himself by shoemaking, and pursuing his scientific studies during his leisure hours.

Dr. Charles S. Frailey, who occupied a high and responsible position in the Department of the Interior, and was formerly chief clerk in the Land Office, died in Washington on the 24th May. He was a Past Grand Master of the Masonic order, and known to the fraternity throughout the country.

FINANCIAL.

THE steamship Illinois, at this port from Aspinwall, brings the semi-monthly California gold remittance, amounting to.....\$1,658,072
Amount brought by corresponding steamer last year.....1,791,167

Decrease.....\$133,095

The spring shipment from this port, per Asia, May 27th, was \$1,528,220, being nearly equal to the entire amount received from California by the Illinois, as quoted above. Including \$155,000 shipped for Havana, per steamship Black Warrior, on the same date, the specie exported exceeds the California receipts.

The Liverpool steamer of the 30th of May carried about a million of specie—making over ten and a half millions of specie exported for the week ending that date.

The following is a comparative statement of the exports hence of the leading articles of domestic produce and miscellaneous goods, for the week ending May 19, and the week ending May 22 last year:

May 29, and the week ending May 22 next year.

	1856.		1857.	
	Quantity.	Value.	Quantity.	Value.
Cotton, bales.....	4,900	\$265,062	2,660	\$193,525
Flour, bbls.....	39,019	268,292	17,899	128,440
Corn meal, bbls.....	2,368	7,496	1,094	6,070
Wheat, bushels.....	92,352	159,133	149	205
Corn, bushels.....	81,453	54,080	29,170	23,612
Pork, bbls and tes.....	1,944	41,421	1,966	43,549
Beef, bbls and tes.....	945	19,509	628	14,692
Bacon,* lbs.....			115,183	13,311
Hams,* lbs.....			81,545	11,305
Lard,* lbs.....			160,961	26,690
Butter,* lbs.....			22,757	6,191
Cheese,* lbs.....			22,747	4,045
Total produce.....		\$814,509		\$470,235
Miscellaneous.....		794,070		1,165,338
Total for the week.....		\$1,608,579		\$1,625,573

* These items were included in miscellaneous goods, in our export statement every week of last year. Hence, we cannot furnish comparative figures, in detail, this year. Next year we shall be enabled to do so regularly, by keeping up the record as now arranged through the current year.

The export hence of the leading articles of domestic produce and miscellaneous goods for the week ending May 20, was \$1,102,735, against \$1,475,628 the corresponding week of last year.

The sales of real estate are constant but not very extensive. But few first class lots or houses have been offered, but such as were offered met with ready purchasers at good prices.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Our articles under this head must be omitted this week in consequence of the crowded state of our columns. This department will be attended to in our next issue.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

The three beautiful mantillas in our illustration are from Bulpin's, 361 Broadway. Figure 1 is arrayed in a deep circular of glossy black silk, resembling in form the graceful travelling cloaks which are so much worn this season. The neck is finished with a pretty pointed hood, composed of silk and lace. The inner portion is of silk, while the outer part which folds over is formed entirely of lace, enriched by a narrow velvet and fringe trimming, arranged in a diamond pattern; a border of inch wide guipure lace forms a finish to the upper edge. The bottom of the garment is surrounded by a border of black lace, eight inches wide.

No. 2 is a graceful and stylish mantilla, called "The Martha;" it is composed of black silk and lace. The neck is of lace, so arranged as to resemble a small collar, forming a point in front and back.

No. 3, "the Elvina," is another garment of a light transparent texture, which will constitute a great charm ere many weeks have passed. The body of the garment is composed of lace, so arranged as to form a talma in the back, and a mantilla in front. The style is exceedingly graceful and becoming. The shoulders are adorned by a fall of guipure lace, three inches wide, set on with considerable fullness; this is succeeded by a novel and beautiful style of trimming, three inches wide; it is composed of grenadine gauze, and embossed with black velvet flowers.

No. 4 is a costume for a little girl of eight years. The material is a bright apple green silk; the short skirt is made very full, and decorated with four rows of inch wide velvet; the waist is made in the form of a basque, low in the neck, and closed in front by a succession of narrow velvet straps and buttons, headed by a bow of velvet ribbon.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

A GENTLEMAN, on a wager, walked from Annapolis, Maryland, to Baltimore in nine hours. The distance is about forty miles, making over four miles an hour.

The firm of Spofford & Tileston, of New York, recently sent an order for 10,000 tons of Manila sugar. Their outlay for the venture was about \$900,000, and in consequence of the rise in price their profits will be about \$250,000.

Otis Doolittle, of Hainsdale, N. H., has on exhibition at Springfield, Mass., an ox which weighs 4,200 pounds, though far from being fat. The *Republicans* considers it the largest framed ox in the world. It measures six feet seven inches in height at the shoulder, girls ten feet, and is thirteen feet in length from stem to stern. Well fattened, it is thought it would weigh 5,000 pounds.

A wager made last week at Keyport, N.J., on the feat of picking up one hundred eggs, placed at the distance of one yard apart from each other, and returning with them singly and placing them in a basket, inside of an hour, was won by Mr. John McGhee, who accomplished the feat in forty-nine minutes, nineteen and three-quarter seconds.

Samuel Stiles, a respectable farmer of Milford, Wis., stabbed himself to the heart with a bay fork a few days since. His nephew, Geo. Stiles, shot himself a little while before, in the same town. Spiritualism is said to have caused these suicides.

Mr. Samuel Thorne, of Washington, Dutchess county, N. Y., owns a herd of foreign cattle, valued at about \$150,000. He has also \$20,000 invested in South Down sheep.

The Emperor of Brazil is about to introduce dromedaries into that country.

The recent decease of three prominent merchant bankers of New York—Samuel Nicholson, John F. A. Sanford, and Jasper Grosvener—will distribute, it is estimated, about \$3,000,000 to their respective heirs.

One of the most remarkable facts in the life of a sailor has occurred in the life of Captain Jethro Coffin, now a resident at Nantucket. During seventeen voyages in the whale fishery, occupying thirty-nine years, Captain Coffin never witnessed a burial at sea, no death ever taking place on board of any ship to which he belonged.

The Legislature of Ohio has just passed an act making it a penal offence to use strychnine in the manufacture of liquors.

There is an older citizen than Peter Nassau, of Pomfret, Vt., in Wisconsin. He is called "Old Crele," and was born in Montreal 130 years ago. His memory is distinct for 117 years. He was married at New Orleans a century ago, and now resides with one of his grandchildren, who is upward of sixty years old. He is still hale and hearty, and does not appear to be over seventy.

At the dead letter branch of the General Post Office, Washington, during the quarter of the year which expired on the 1st of April, about two thousand dead letters have been opened, which contained money amounting in the aggregate to a little over \$11,000. Already seven-eighths of this amount has been restored to its owners.

A young man recently lost \$47,000 by gambling at roulette, at New Orleans.

The case of the Rev. Mr. Dashaer, of Brazoria county, Texas, who sometime since shot a young man who was taking unwarrantable liberties with his family, was investigated by the grand jury at the recent term of the District Court, and they refused to find a bill. So well satisfied were the community of his justification, that the unfortunate circumstance has not interfered with his ministerial functions.

The Banks of Maryland are required to pay a tax of twenty cents on every \$100 for school purposes.

A fish-hawk was killed on the Hathaway farm, Acushnet road, last week, which measured, from tip to tip of its wings, five feet four inches. This bird is sometimes taken for the eagle, and is related nearly to the bald eagle, though distinguished by unmistakable characters from the latter.

A lady in Owen county, Iowa, has become deranged from dwelling with morbid apprehensions upon the predicted collision with the comet.

The Mint began on the 25th of May to pay out the new coin in exchange for Spanish and Mexican coins at their nominal value, or in exchange for the old cent now in circulation. The silver and copper coins must be presented in even sums of not less than five, and not exceeding fifty dollars.

George M. Atwater, of Springfield, owns at Cleveland, Ohio, the largest private warehouse in the United States. It is 178 by 140 feet, and its five floors have an area of 10,800 square feet each—in all about two acres.

A Charlestown (Mass.) Alderman, named Ward, has suddenly disappeared, together with funds belonging to the firm of which he was a partner, to the amount of \$15,000 or \$20,000.

The editor of the Iowa Reporter calls with a stentorian voice for ladies to come West. He says: "The last census report shows that there are 33,610 more males than females in Iowa. This was taken in June and does not include the Spring or Fall emigration. We are now minus at least 60,000 ladies to make up our quota!"

A Mr. M. W. Scott sent inclosed to a Mrs. Maria Olmstead a small unclothed china doll, and accompanied the present by some indelicate allusions, for which he has been sued by the lady for slander, laying her damages at \$10,000. The suit is now progressing in the Superior Court of New York city.

Australia is getting ahead of California in her product of gold. The entire yield of the latter for 1856 was \$41,000,000. For the first three months of 1857 the gold fields of Australia produced seven hundred thousand ounces, or about \$12,000,000, at the rate of fifty millions per annum.

The inner table at the late railroad festival in Memphis was nearly three-quarters of a mile long, and had on it 8,000 plates and dishes, 2,500 lbs beef and mutton, 75 hams, 60 pigs, 125 turkeys, 400 chickens, 180 beef tongues, 10 bbls. potatoes, 18 baskets salad, 12 bbls. ice water, 500 lbs. cake, beside raisins, almonds, oranges, &c. Some 15,000 or 20,000 persons partook of the dinner.

Hon. Edward Everett delivered his lecture on the Life and Character of Washington, to full houses, at Louisville, lately. He realized over \$1,000 on the occasion—the whole of which, as well as all the proceeds of every repetition of the lecture—is donated by him to the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of the United States, to be used in the purchase of the Mount Vernon estate, which is to be dedicated, after its purchase, to the people of the Union, to be preserved in memory of the Father of his Country.

Gen. Pillow was severely injured by falling from his horse, a few days since.

A letter from Havana says that Coolies have advanced to \$400 per head. Very common Creoles from the coast of Africa are worth a thousand dollars each, and the slave trade is flourishing beyond any previous knowledge of the oldest pirate.

The young woman who ascends the wire outside of the Sands & Nathan's circus tent, was blown from it at Chicopee, Mass., on Wednesday, and fell a considerable distance to the ground, injuring herself severely, and nearly breaking the arm of a man who endeavored to catch her.

Rev. Mr. Hutchins, at Albion, Illinois, recently lost seven out of nine children in ten consecutive days from scarlet fever, and at last accounts the other two were ill.

The Hudson Star states that the fishermen in that vicinity are now in the midst of an abundant shad harvest, and are realizing an ample reward for their arduous labors. The "first run" were very small and few in the net; those now caught are as large and beautiful as any ever offered in market. Two companies are "hauling" from five hundred to one thousand shad at a tide.

The Dundee Record makes the following curious statement: "Seneca Lake was frozen over last week, with the thermometer hardly down to freezing point. This is the third year that the same phenomena has occurred in May. It is well attested by the oldest inhabitants that the lake was never frozen over until the winter of 1855. Formerly the coldest weather had no power to congeal its crystal waters, nor some unknown cause freezes its surface in May."

The rolling mills up the Naugatuck valley are turning out over a thousand pounds of brass hoops for ladies' dresses daily.

A fellow styling himself agent of "Robinson's New Orleans Serenades," tried the "Duvant" games in Waterbury, last Monday evening. He took fifteen dollars at the door and went off to "hurry up the singers," but made poor work of it, for neither he nor they have appeared since.

The toad is regarded by the French gardeners as an invaluable assistant. Four or five of these fat, lazy fellows will keep a garden free from bugs, worms and flies.

The Supreme Court of New Hampshire has decided that a railroad company has a right to charge extra to those who do not comply with the reasonable regulation of purchasing tickets at the depot, and that if they refuse to pay the extra charge in the cars, the conductors have a right to expel them.

It does not seem to be generally known that at the last session of the Legislature a law was passed which requires that whenever wheat, rye, Indian corn, buckwheat, barley, oats, beans, peas, clover seed, timothy seed, flax seed, or potatoes, shall be sold by the bushel, and no special agreement shall be made by the parties as to the mode of measuring; the bushel shall consist of sixty-two pounds of beans, sixty pounds of wheat, peas, clover seed, or potatoes, fifty-eight pounds of Indian corn, fifty-six pounds of rye, fifty-five pounds of flax seed, forty-eight pounds of buckwheat or barley, forty-four pounds of timothy seed and thirty-two pounds of oats.

Harman O'Hara has been convicted at Utica of causing the death of his son by cruelly whipping and beating him, and has been sentenced to the State prison for six years.

P. PARKER PRATT, ONE OF THE APOSTLES OF THE MORMON SAINTS.

We present our readers with a fine portrait of Elder Pratt, the Mormon apostle, who was recently killed some eight miles from Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, Arkansas. Pratt was a leader among his people, and was evidently a man of fine education; he stood but second, indeed, to Brigham Young himself. While acting as preacher and missionary at San Francisco, California, he made the acquaintance of an accomplished lady, the wife of Hector H. McLean, formerly of New Orleans. At the time Pratt became acquainted with the lady, she was living happily with her husband, in the bosom of her family, graced by the presence of three interesting children, two boys and a girl. About two years ago, soon after she acknowledged herself a convert to Mormonism, she made an attempt to abduct two of her children to Utah, but was detected and prevented by her brother, who was then in California and residing with his brother-in-law, Mr. McLean; she soon after, however, found means to elope with Pratt to Salt Lake, where it is said that she became his ninth wife.

After Mrs. McLean abandoned her children, they were sent to New Orleans to Mrs. McLean's parents. Some time after their arrival in the Crescent City, the mother made her appearance, and by her blandishments completely secured the good will of her justly offended parents, and finally, failing to convert them to Mormonism, she took advantage of the confidence reposed in her and eloped with her children.

The moment McLean, who was in San Francisco, heard the fact, he started in pursuit of his children, and in this search visited the extremes of the continent. He first went to New York, then to St. Louis, then to Houston, Texas. On his arrival at that place he found that his wife had left some time before his arrival to join a large party of Mormons on route for Utah. He then returned to New Orleans, and from thence to Fort Gibson, in the Cherokee nation, with the expectation of intercepting his wife and children at that point. On arriving at Fort Gibson, and while there, he found letters in the post-office to his wife from Pratt, some of which were mailed at St. Louis, and others at Flint post-office, Cherokee nation. We are unable to give the contents of these letters with particularity, but they contained the fact that McLean was on the look-out for her and the children, and that they were betrayed by the apostates and gentiles, and advising her to be cautious in her movements, and not to let herself be known only to a few of the saints and elders. McLean then, upon affidavit made by himself, obtained a writ from the United States Commissioner at this place for their arrest, and succeeded in getting them arrested by the United States Marshal. They were brought to Fort Gibson for trial, and after an examination before the Commissioner, were discharged.

Pratt, as soon as released, mounted his horse and left the town, but McLean pursued, and after a chase of eight miles overtook the destroyer of his happiness and shot him down, Pratt dying in two hours after he received his wound.

We have no doubt but that the news of the assassination of Elder Pratt will cause a tremendous excitement at Salt Lake, and tend to precipitate events which are rapidly bringing about a fearful solution of this Mormon delusion.

GENERAL WALKER ADDRESSING THE CITIZENS OF NEW ORLEANS FROM THE PORTICO OF THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL.

GENERAL WILLIAM WALKER, of Nicaragua, arrived at New Orleans, on board of the steam ship Empire City, on the evening of the 27th of May. Thousands and tens of thousands of people were present to receive him, and the streets from the river to his hotel were crowded with anxious faces. Arriving at the St. Charles Hotel, a splendid reception was given him; and so great was the excitement and the desire to see the hero, that he was obliged to appear twice upon the portico and make addresses before the enthusiastic multitude would be satisfied.

The circumstances attending his surrender to the captain of the United States Ship St. Mary have been detailed at length in the daily press, and therefore it is unnecessary for us to refer to them. Whatever may be the opinion of others, we look upon Walker as a hero, and a man who has been betrayed by the pusillanimity of our Government. We thank God that we have no sympathy with the whining of a large part of the Northern press over the morality of filibusterism, if Walker's attempt to regenerate Nicaragua comes under that denomination. We have not the remotest conception of the sentiment that makes men rejoice over the death or failure of their own countrymen, when brought in contact with the miserable, hybrid, wretched creatures that form the mass of the population of the Central American States. Walker went to Nicaragua at the very time he could untie the Gordian knot of the Clayton Bulwer treaty, and all he asked was the administration of the just law of "hands off!" If the American Government had done even this simple act of duty, had turned her guns and her threats upon England, had said to the Costa Ricans you shall not interfere to crush out a neighboring State, then Walker would have quietly settled the most perplexing question between our Government and the European Powers; the best highway between the Atlantic and the Pacific would have been in the hands of American enterprise, and the foundation would have been laid for the entire regeneration of the finest country in the world. We know that the mass of the people of this country are right on this question, and we trust that the bond fires that are blazing in the Mississippi valley in honor of Walker, will extend to the Atlantic cities, and that he will return to Nicaragua accompanied by an invincible army; and that his great idea of founding a free people and a free nation, where nothing now exists but anarchy and misrule, will be carried out.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

There have been collected in Europe 20,000 specimens of insects which prey upon wheat.

The total of taxable property, real and personal, in the city of New York, foots up at \$527,945,723 18.

In the State of Pennsylvania the whole taxable property, real and personal, is assessed at \$506,810,278.

A LARGE COMPANY.—The number of passengers carried by all the railroads of the United States during 1856 was 74,000,000.

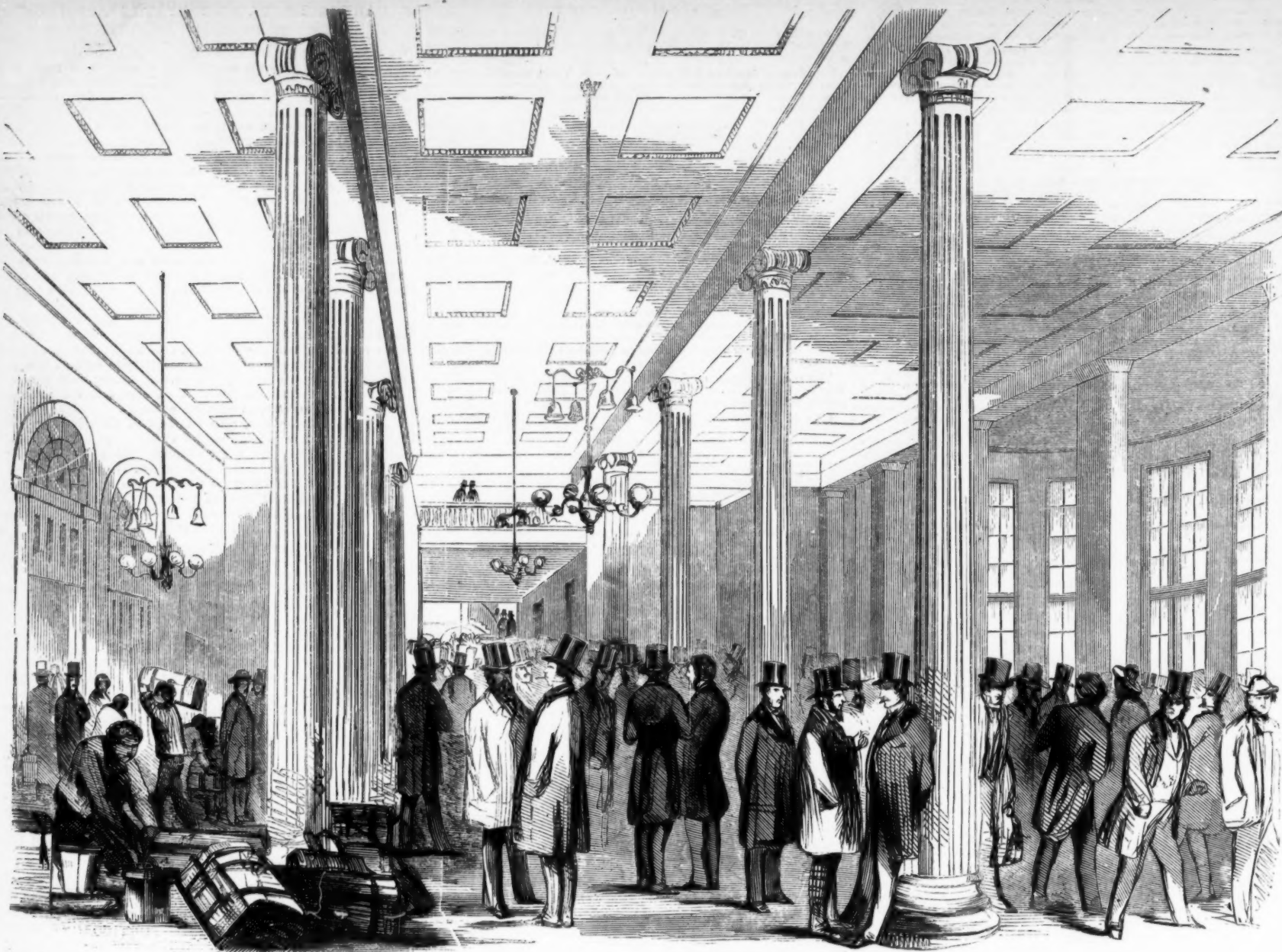
The deaths in England and Wales, during 1856, were 391,369; births, 657,704.

It costs more to send an ounce letter to Europe than it does to send a barrel of flour.

The income derived in Great Britain from the consumption of tobacco was, last year, upwards of £32,194,943, the duty on which was more than £5,220,000. This return is independent of cigars, which was about £150,000.

There are in the United States 1,217 distilleries, in which 5,240 persons are employed, and a capital of \$8,507,764 is invested. They consume yearly 11,867,761 bushels of corn, 5,787,175 bushels of barley, 2,143,927 bushels of rye, 55,240 hogheads of molasses. They manufacture 42,461,920 gallons of ale, 41,564,000 of whiskey and highwines, and 5,500,000 of rum, being about four gallons of liquor for every man, woman and child in the country.

The table of marine losses for the past month shows an aggregate of fifty-three vessels, and the value of property lost \$1,656,700. The loss of the four months of the present year foots up \$8,161,700.

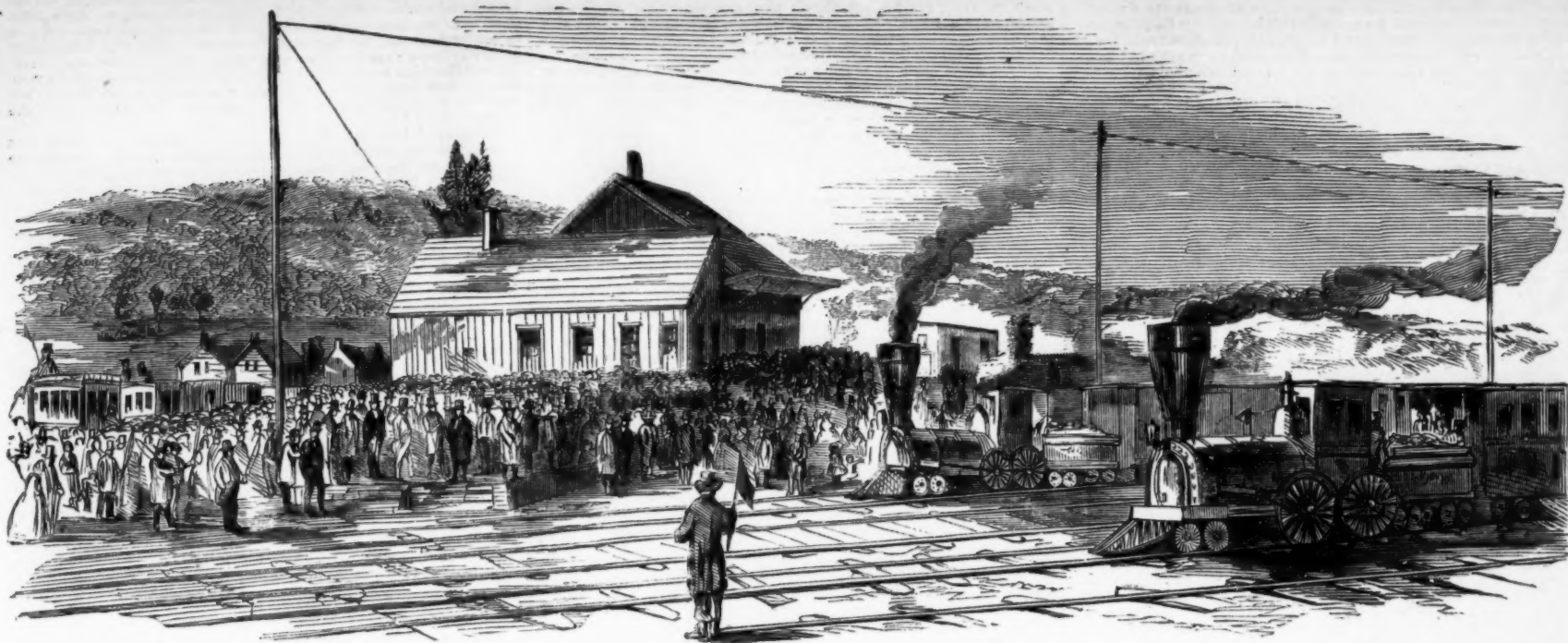


SCENE AT THE BURNET HOUSE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. EXTRAORDINARY INFLUX OF VISITORS.



FASHIONS FOR JUN', FURNISHED BY GEO. BULPIN, 361 BROADWAY. SEE PAGE 3.

BRIGHTLY-SC.



RECEPTION OF GUESTS FROM THE SOUTHERN STATES AT CHILICOTHE, THE ANCIENT CAPITOL OF OHIO, ON THEIR WAY TO ATTEND THE OPENING OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

INFLUX OF VISITORS AT THE BURNET HOUSE.

THE advantages arising from the completion of the chain of railway between the West and the Atlantic States have already been felt at Cincinnati, and is most noticeable in the influx of passengers at the different hotels. Before the celebration the travelling increased; it was evident that a revolution of some sort had been accomplished, for mine host of the Burnet House found himself compelled to crowd his rooms and "camp out" numbers of his guests. For some days preceding the celebration, and on the glorious morning of "the 3d," the city presented a crowd that almost rivalled the Baltimore Convention in numbers.

GRAND BALL AT THE BURNET HOUSE.

The closing of the gala day was very appropriately celebrated by a grand ball at the Burnet House, given by Mr. Coleman. The ladies' parlor and dining-room were newly furnished and decorated in the most superb style by Messrs. Williams, Stevens & Williams, of New York, from designs by Geo. Holding. The walls were entirely covered with mirrors, and costly tapestry reaching from the ceiling to the floor. The occasion of the ball was the first time this room was used since it was refitted, and the effect, on the crowd assembled, when the gas was turned on, was dazzling beyond comparison. There were also many brilliant parties in different parts of the city, given by prominent and spirited citizens; all attended by fashion and beauty, and more dancing was witnessed than one might suppose possible in such a throng.

The varied beauty of the ladies who graced the entertainment at the Burnet House was a subject of universal remark. As the city was crowded with the leading men of every section of the Union, there were, of course, representatives of the gentler sex from every section; the brunette, with the dark flashing eye of the South, contrasted finely with the flaxen haired and blue eyed beauty of the Northern States, while the West shone forth

with splendor in a representation of lovely women, who seemed to happily combine the qualities peculiar to their sisters of the North and South, with the additional charm of superior health. Sad, indeed, was the havoc made on that night among the hearts of heretofore invulnerable bachelors, but the moral effect on the whole was good, for several "dis-Unionists" from the South have decided to go in for the "Union," and several "Northern men," with Republican tendencies, have concluded to take a half-interest in plantations stocked with "fat negroes."

PARTICULARS CONCERNING THE CELEBRATION.

THE invited guests coming from the South and South-west were received by a committee of citizens of Cincinnati appointed for that purpose at Chilicothe, the ancient capitol of the State of Ohio. This thriving town is remarkable for its beautiful location. The Scioto, upon the banks of which it is situated, gracefully winds through a level plain, enclosed on either hand by verdant and cultivated hills. There commerce gives life and vigor to a landscape that is not surpassed in the western world. Chilicothe was founded in 1796 by emigrants from Virginia and Kentucky, and four years afterwards became the seat of the State Government. The old stone State House, built in 1801, is now used for the County Court House.

The delegations arrived at Chilicothe on the morning of the 2d of June, and stopped at the Valley House for the night, to be ready to proceed the succeeding day to Cincinnati.

The guests coming from the Western States were received at the station of the Little Miami Railroad by Mayor Thomas, who was attended by the military and numerous citizens.

The guests from the West were received by a committee of citizens at the station of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad.

The preparations for the celebration were most complete, and

(Continued on page 7.)

OUR NEW STORY.

THE PROMISED MEETING;

OR,

THE NINTH OF JUNE.

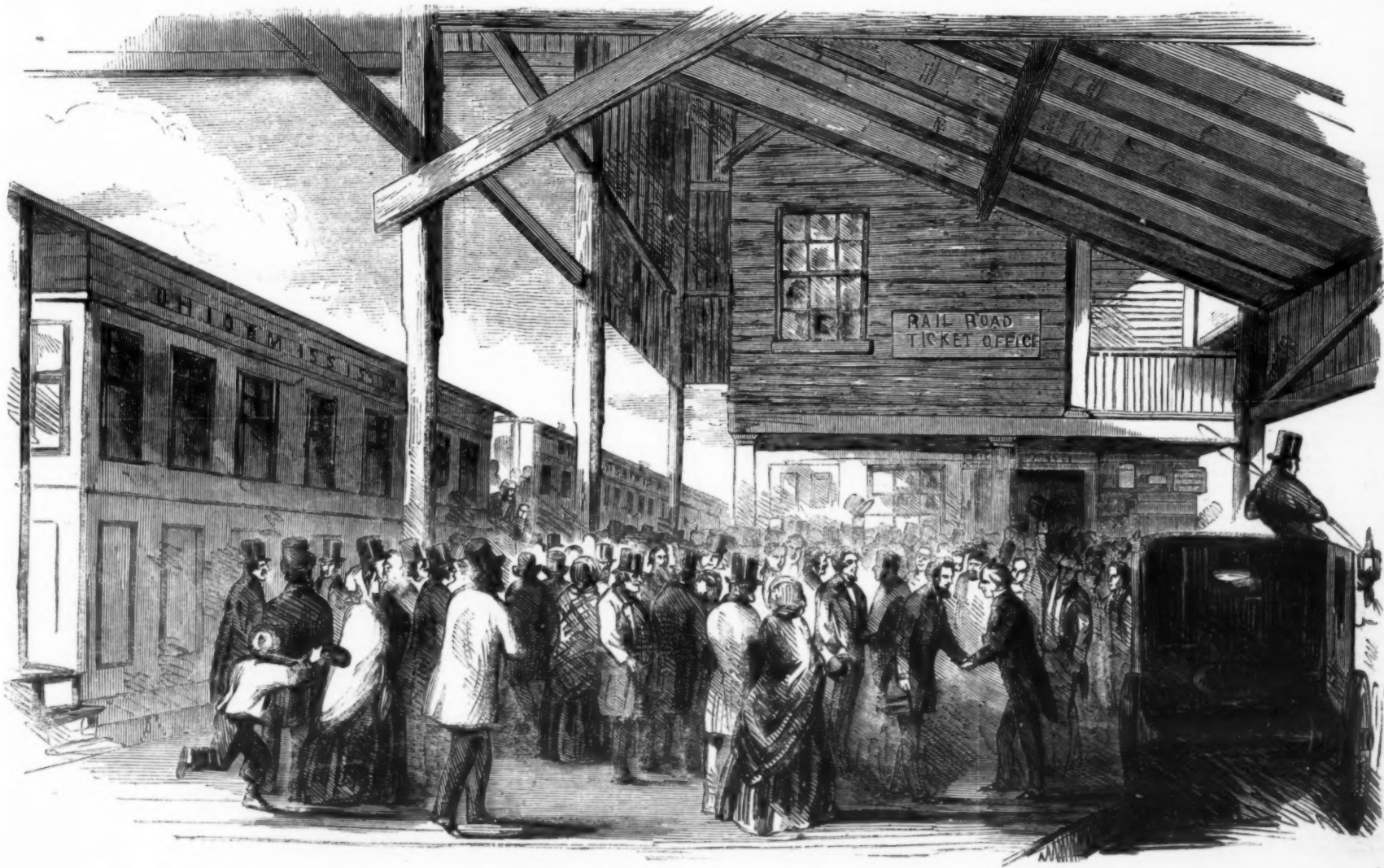
CHAPTER I.

It amounted to an expostulation. A close four-wheeler for a gentleman like me, come down to Matlock Bath for the benefit of his health? Why, what fresh air could be got in a shut-up trap like that, he should like to know. No, no; a canter was the thing to suit my complaint; a canter on his old roan that had carried—ay, and cured—many a gentleman that looked much more white about the gills than I did. She wasn't young, to be sure; but game as a three-year old, and uncommon quiet to drive or ride. The country for miles round was, as everybody knew, a sight of itself, and who could see it in a stifling fly?

To give full vent to his feelings, the jobmaster released the gaping buttons from the great button-holes of his box-coat, and peeled off a fold or two of his bulbous cravat. I had not seen the whole of his face; for, as he had never looked up, I could only catch occasional glimpses of his forehead, as he smoothed down his hair with the flat of his hand, the rest of his features receding to a perspective of chin that lost itself in the depths of his loosened neck-cloth. He spoke very earnestly—not to me—but to the crown of his hat; which he held close under his mouth that it might catch every word that he dropped.

"But I am not a good horseman," I said, letting down my deficiencies in that respect as gently as possible. I had never mounted a horse above twenty times in my life, and had tumbled off twice.

"That won't matter," he replied. "I don't like to brag"—here he made modest circles on the crown of his hat with his forefinger—"but, if anybody can show a gentleman how to ride, I can. When I left the army (I was in the twelfth hussars) I was riding-master to Bokicker's riding-school at Brighton, till I found an opening down here and took to the fly and job trade." Looking up and



RECEIVING THE GUESTS FROM THE "GREAT WEST" AT THE CINCINNATI DEPOT OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

taking a furtive, and I hope accurate, inspection of my figure, he added, "You're just the build for horseback, you are; and how you've kept yourself out of the saddle all these years, is a wonder to me. But it's never too late to begin." In answer to a word of mine about the danger of the experiment, he said, "Look 'ee here, sir—I'll ride the gray pony that I let with the phaeton to ladies for paying visits, and I'll go with you. You shall mount the old mare; and if she don't take you along as easy as a Bath-chair, my name isn't Tom Hockle."

"I may depend upon your word that the creature has no tricks?"

Hurt at my momentary suspicion that he could have any sort of desire to see me break my neck, Mr. Hockle replied, "Bless you, sir! you might ride her with a thread of tailor's twist."

During this conversation in the front parlor of my lodging on the Museum Parade, I got the notion that the Flyman was a full-bodied person, up in years; for I had not noticed that his box-coat was too big for him, and that the tops of his boots were not particularly well filled out. When, therefore, I entered his stable-yard, and beheld a well-knit middle-aged man in a close short-tailed under-coat, drawing on a pair of doe-skin gloves; a switch-whip under his arm; his top-boots pulled neatly up over his leathers; his hat jauntily cocked to one side, and a lock of hair combed sprucely forward to the edge of each eye, I attributed the illusion respecting him to my timorous sensations on seeing the mare and pony ready saddled and bridled, and on overhearing him tell his man (adroitly speaking with the near side of his mouth, without shaking a sprig of the woodbine that sprouted out from the off side) "to take up another link of old Rufa's curb, in case she offered to bolt with the gent." But, having shut my eyes and desperately mounted without detecting the trace of a smile on the countenances of either of the spectators, my senses were sufficiently restored to perceive that the Flyman and the Ridingmaster was the same person, wholly changed in appearance by change of dress.

As we paced along, side by side—he on his low pony, I on the tall mare—past the High Tor, over Matlock Bridge, and round the Church Rocks, Mr. Hockle alternated his instructions in riding with descriptions of the scenery. "He was very fond of this country," he said, "for he was born at Crookston-Withers; and, having left home when a lad, only lately returned to the neighborhood. The absence had made him like it all the more. That's Crookston Hall!" he said, pointing with his whip. "Sit more upright, sir!"

"You mean the stiff, ugly, red-brick house with stone dressings?"

I asked, resenting the square, rigid edifice that obtruded itself—a prim impertinence—in the open and varied landscape.

"Well, I can't say much for the house," was the answer, "but it stands—Sink your heels, sir!—it stands on the prettiest spot hereabouts. We shall skirt the grounds presently. Out of the drawing-room window you can see straight over the flower-garden, into this dingle. Pull up, sir—gradually; don't jerk her, for she's apt to rear."

We had arrived on the rising ground beside Crookston Hall, and stopped to look between the trees over the shrubs and saplings into a narrow dell that lay between the garden of Crookston Hall and the Derwent. Its trouglike bed was smoothly curved with green and bright grass; and from each side shot up straight and stately firs tipped with evergreen.

"You see that oak on the other bank, where the beeches are?"

After some little difficulty I made it out.

"Well," continued the Flyman, "when I was a youngster, I went up that tree once too often."

"Bird's-nesting?"

"No, I had a right to be there; but I overheard things that have lasted me for life. Turn in your knees, sir!" We were ambling along again.

"Family secrets, perhaps," I hazarded to take off Mr. Hockle's attention from the awkward figure I was making.

"Well, perhaps they were. You see I was stable-boy at the Hall at first; afterwards, Mr. George Dornley, the eldest son, took me to be his groom. That was in the old Squire's time. Ah! things were very different then to what they are now. No flint-skinning; no selling of skim-milk, and cabbages, and fruit—Shorten the right hand bridle! You've drawn the snaffle right out of her mouth on 'tother side!—No howling of beggars; no stopping up of foot-paths across the park; lots of horses in the stable; and some sort of jollification always going on in the house.—You'll do no good unless you sink your heels!"

"The present proprietor is not very liberal, then?" I said.

"Liberal?" Mr. Hockle looked up at me quick and savage, as if I were the miser he had in his mind. "Liberal! I should say not. A cold-blooded, close-fisted, stingy tyke, with only one horse in his stable, a mazy gelding, as lank as a hound, only not half so well fed. Turn in your knees more, and keep your elbows closer to your side!"

"But what about the tree?" We were now ambling under the deep shadows of Arch Lane.

"Well, I'll tell you," Mr. Hockle looked very serious.

"It's more than a few years ago now. There was a good deal of distress about at that time. Oats was sixty shillings a quarter; work was scarce, and too many to do what little there was; so there was rioting and rick-burning, though not half so much as the government and the government spies made out. The gentry were dead frightened of being burned in their beds. Sit more over your legs! Yet the good jolly old squire went on just the same. Although the common people grumbled at the extravagance of the rich, never thinking how good it was for trade, he did not bate a single hunt-breakfast, or dinner, or jollification of any sort; and when his second son (he had two, George and Calder) was going to be married, there never had been such goings on. I heard tell, at the time, that that wedding cost the old man more than a thousand pounds. Everybody, high and low, rich and poor, was invited; the dingle was half-covered with tents for stabling, to accommodate the visitors' cattle; and there was a marquee on the lawn, because the wedding breakfast had to be set out in the regular ball-room; one man from London was had down to cook, and another to let off fireworks; all the laborers in the parish had a day's pay; and they and their wives and young-uns had as much beef and beer as they could eat and drink. If the rioters themselves had come that way, I do believe the old Squire would have found feed and liquor for every one of 'em. Don't hang on her bit so; give and take!"

"But you are a long time getting up that tree," I remarked, as a diversion.

"All in good time. You see the bride was a heiress, and there was a queer story about her and my master. The old Squire had once set his heart upon Master George having her—he being the heir to Crookston. And Master George jilted her—he was wrong, I own; but he was my governor, and a better master never sat in pig-skin. You should have seen how he sat a horse!" As Mr. Hockle emphasized this expression, he darted a glance at me out of the corner of his eye that had, I thought, a dash of contempt in it. "Well," he continued, "it was a settled thing, though I never thought it would come to anything; for it was a precious lazy pace we went at whenever we were bound for Stonard Abbey (it lies behind us, about two miles); and, when we got there, Mr. George never kept me long a leading the horses about; but back he came very soon, and sprang into the saddle smiling, because the visit was over, and always bucketed off back at a hand-gallop. I am sure courting at the Abbey must have been a cold job for him, for nobody—not even Miss Stonard that I saw—ever came to the door to wave him a good-bye as he mounted. Sometimes we met Mr. Calder on his iron-gray, going to where we had come from; that was when we came home over the moor a mile or two round, through the village. There I always had a long waiting job, for Mr. George never called on Mrs. Levine without having a long spell of talk with her and her daughter. Give her her head more. Don't bore at her so! Mrs. Levine was the widow of the last Crookston-Withers rector, and lived in a cottage at one corner of the churchyard; Corner Cottage they call it."

"Was this Miss Stonard of the Abbey handsome?" I asked.

"She wasn't bad-looking," Mr. Hockle replied. "She had good clean limbs, and her short petticoats (no offence meant) showed 'em. She was tall—seventeen hands, I should say—and wore her hair cropped all round; for docking was quite the go for manes as well as tails at that time. She had good points in her face, too. Bright black eyes, white skin, a straight nose, broad nostrils and wide jaws."

"Jaws, Mr. Hockle?"

"Well, jaws, then—all good points whether in a horse or a woman, mind you. But I didn't like her countenance. Her eyes were too deep and cold for my money. She could look at you as hard as

nails, and petrify you a'most. That's better! only close your fingers tighter upon the reins, and make a good fist of 'em! Mr. George and his father never got on well together. The old Squire was high Tory, and his son was all for the rights of the people, and would wear a white hat (regular Radical, you know), and would make speeches at torch-light meetings, that his brother Calder, and his father, and Sir Bayle Stonard called treasonable. But how the poor loved him for it! Well, one day he had been letting out furiously at a great meeting at Wallsend, about the rascally goings on of the government, and about the nobles calling the people "a swinish multitude;" so when he came back to Crookston Hall there were terrible high words between him and his father. They got from politics to matrimony, till at last Mr. George, in his passion, told the old gent that when he married he would marry to please himself, and that it didn't please him to marry Miss Stonard. The old man burst out of the room in a tremendous rage, nearly broke a blood-vessel in putting on his boots, and galloped over to the Abbey like split. Shake her bridle and wake her up a bit, sir; she is getting lazy. As for Mr. George, he went to London on parliament business, and I went with him."

"But we are still a long way from the tree."

"Not so far as you think," continued Mr. Hockle. "To the old Squire's astonishment, things were taken very coolly at Stonard Abbey; and it was settled, after a while, that George should be cut by his father; and that the young lady—nothing loth, they used to say—should take up with 't'other brother. They were better matched; for their sly determined tempers suited one another; and she and Mr. George, with his straightforward honest disposition, would never have run in a curdle together. However, before the wedding-day, and just before Mr. George went abroad, there was a reconciliation, and he came home, and brought me with him. Then came the wonderful preparations. All of us had been up for two nights; and, the evening before the wedding, I was helping to put up the last stable tent in the dingle, when one of the men asked me to get into the oak I showed you, with a line that was to steady the centre tent-pole. I was to hold it there till he told me to fasten it; but I was so dead beat, that I hardly had strength. However, I scrambled up by the garden seat, and perched myself comfortably upon the lowermost branch, with my back against the trunk. If you'll believe me, I fell fast asleep in no time, with the line in my hand."

"I don't know whether I was left there for a lark, or whether I was forgot; but it was staring moonlight when I woke. I heard voices close under me: one was my masters. There he sat upon the garden-seat that went round the trunk of the tree, pressing something taper and white in his arm; and there was an uncommon pretty little hand clasping his shoulder. I can remember every word they spoke as well as if I was hearing them now."

"You had reason to remember, perhaps," I remarked.

"You'll see. The little hand pressed itself tighter and tighter, and the little arm trembled a good deal. The full moon made it light as day. I could see tears falling upon Mr. George's shoulder. He asked if she was so frightened and sad on account of —, and he whispered something in her ear; but she turned away, letting the tears drop into her lap, and said no; she could afford to be blamed and gossiped about, and even persecuted, without a murmur; for she felt within her that both of them had no guilt to answer for. No, it was not that. She was frightened about him; and she looked piteously into Mr. George's face. He tried to laugh her out of her fears, and spoke of everything coming right by his next birthday, the 9th of June, when, please God, he should return from Italy. After a minute or two, she said she dreaded what might happen between them and that day. She knew what the bride was; she knew that she would do anything for spite; and it was not in her nature to forgive him for refusing to marry her. 'Then,' and she trembled worse than ever, 'when she finds out who her rival is, she will not rest till she has ruined us both.' Mr. George said he thought it was his brother who would be most to be feared, when he and all the world came to know—here he whispered again, and she looked down into her lap once more; but there were no tears this time. He kissed her; and she, coaxing and caressing him, entreated him not to go to any more dangerous political meetings. She was proud of his fame, and loved him with all her heart because he manfully helped in the cause of the poor man; but her mother had told her, over and over again, that Mr. Calder, in his cold-hearted way, was trying to make the old Squire believe that he would come to be hanged, and that he was already an outcast from what they called society. For the old Squire often dropped in at Corner Cottage to have a gossip with her mother—when she was able to sit up."

"I had been in the tree for so many hours, that at last I got cramped with the cold, and tried to alter my position. Forgetting I had the cord in my hand, I let the end of it fall. It came right down upon Mr. George's hat. They both started up, he still holding the young lady round the waist to protect her. Of course I got down."

"You rascal, you have been listening!" he said.

"I owned I had."

"Who set you to be a spy upon me?" he halloed out. "Don't you eat my bread? Who set you to do this?" He was very quick tempered, Mr. George was.

"I told him nobody had set me on. I told him how it happened. I told him I could not help hearing what I had heard; but I told him, too, that he had been a good master to me, and that all that I could understand of what I had heard I would solemnly swear should never pass my lips to any living soul. I meant what I said, and said it as if I meant it. The young lady looked at me all the time, and took my part and whispered, in a low, tender voice, 'I think you may trust him, dear George,' and she left off struggling out of his arms, as if she was not afraid of my knowing everything that there was between them. I shall never forget her—never!"

Here the ex-groom fell into a reverie and walked his pony on in silence for several minutes; breaking occasionally into a market-trot, to keep up with the striding mare. Lost in the contemplation of the leading remembrance of his early life, he had, for the last half hour, allowed me to commit every sort of equestrian misdemeanor; until, at last, something dreadful he caught me doing, with my toes and knees, awakened him to a sense of duty; and, after mildly rebuking me, proposed a canter. "Shorten your left curb bridle and give her a touch with your left heel," he said. "There! she springs off into a canter like a rocking-horse; doesn't she?"

We had, by this time, turned our faces homeward; having skirted the Moor, and reached Crookston-Withers, after a good ten-mile circuit. I asked my excellent remount to show me the cottage at which his master used to keep him waiting so long after his visits to Stonard Abbey.

"You're right!" he remarked, looking up at me slyly from under his hat. "The young lady under the tree, with my master, was Miss Levine. That's Corner Cottage!"

He pointed to an ivy-grown cottage at the junction of three roads; the main road from Matlock and Nottingham coming straight up to it, and then branching off under its triangular garden; the right branch leading past Stonard Abbey over the Moor. A pretty hatch covered with a penthouse led, through the churchyard, to the church; which was only separated from the cottage by the left-hand road.

"But you have not told me how the younger Mr. Calder's wedding went off," I remarked, as we were about to ascend the Crookston side of Linney Hill.

Mr. Hockle's answer was: "You'll never get your legs right unless you keep her bit level in her mouth, sink your heels, and keep the stirrup-irons under the joints of your feet."

"But about the wedding?"

"Well, it was the grandest thing ever seen in this county: eighty horsemen and horsewomen, besides carriages. The ball and fireworks at night were wonderful. As for the sup—Well sat, sir!"

It was a miracle that I had not tumbled off; for old Rufa, without the faintest warning, shied right across the road, a man on horseback having suddenly slipped through a gap in the hedge, close before her nose. The unexpected horseman trotted up the hill a few paces, then turned and slowly came back. His nag was lean and meagre, but well-grown and strong-limbed. The rider sat bolt upright. His hat intensely brushed and narrow-brimmed, his trousers pulled tightly down with a thin strap; his straight brown surtout buttoned to the throat; his neat collar-band turned over evenly all round the cravat, gave to his figure a slim and youthful appearance. But as he approached I perceived by the strong furrows in his face, that he was much above the middle age. In passing Hockle, the hard, brown face was puckered up to express a smile, but the eye remained cold and glassy.

"What is your friend?" I asked, when he had ridden out of hearing. "A Jesuit or a horse-dealer?"

I dare not repeat the expletive with which my instructor prefaced his information. "What is he? Why what he has no more right to be than the man who was hanged for murder last week. He is, or pretends to be, the Squire of Crookston." Hockle's face, which generally wore a smiling, respectful expression, was now contracted. He switched his whip over his pony's mane savagely, as if he were cutting down imaginary enemies with a broadsword. Pulling his hat over his brow, he said, "Let us push on. I daren't think of the villain!"

We trotted into Mr. Hockle's yard in silence; for, from that moment no expostulation, no entreaty could induce him to utter one syllable in continuation of the story. At last he said, musingly:

"No, no. I've told you quite enough of other people's secrets; for," he continued as we dismounted, looking me almost sternly in the face, "We're a'most strangers, as yet."

"Not to remain strangers long, I hope, Mr. Hockle. I trust you will give me another call." Having said this, I stalked stiffly and painfully to my lodging.

CHAPTER II.

GENTLEMEN, even in good health, who are as little used to the saddle as I am, will readily understand why I was unable to take exercise of any sort next day. About noon the tedium of my imprisonment was relieved by Mr. Hockle, who came to give the homoeopathic advice of curing my complaint with its cause, by taking another ride with him. I declined very decidedly.

"The fact is, sir," he said abruptly, and without any sort of context, as he stepped up close to the sofa I was lying upon, "when things were as bad with him as they could be—"

"With whom?"

"With my master, Mr. George Dornley," he answered.

"Oh, then you will do me the great favor of finishing the story!" I interrupted.

"Yes, I will," he rejoined frankly. "There are some people we draw to at first sight, and there are some people we want to run away from at first sight. Well, you put me a good deal in mind of Mr. George, and I feel somehow a sort of call for to let you know all about him."

"Pray sit down," I said.

The accomplished rider did sit down (how I envied him!). He sat on the edge of the chair, with his legs wide apart and his hand placed on a bundle of papers tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, to secure it upon his knee. "When things were as bad with him as they could be," he added, "he gave me these papers. They will tell you the rest of the story better than I can."

Mr. Hockle having left me in solemn charge of the bundle, took his leave.

I never robbed a house or poached over a manor; but I think my conscience, when I opened the first letter in the bundle, acquainted me with some of the sensations of a depredated. However, curiosity and Mr. Hockle's leave and licence prevailed; and I boldly plunged into the inmost recesses of private affairs which I had no earthly right to know.

I was naturally first attracted to a packet of letters in a lady's hand. They were all deeply bordered with black; all addressed to George Dornley, Esq.; and all, except two, were covered with foreign post-marks. They were love-letters; and I deferred exploring a daily newspaper, published in November, eighteen hundred and seventeen, and the other epistles—some in the cramped hand of a lawyer—to devour the lady's letters first. Having arranged them according to date, I found the first was written about a month after the interview described by Mr. Hockle in the dingle. It seems to have found young Mr. Dornley at Florence, and announced the unexpected demise of the writer's mother in terms of passionate grief. There was a long interval between that and the others, which were all directed to various places on the road from Florence to England, down to the last letter, which had been sent to the Royal George, Nottingham, "to be left till called for." The second letter ran thus:

"The shock of bereavement is passing away; for I feel it a duty to you, my dearest, to master my grief. I shut out the past. I look to the future. Only one little month, and then what a change!—more happiness than I shall be able to bear! My whole life seems to flow in small slow drops into the current of time which glides towards the 9th of June. Yes, you must not scold me, as you did in your last dear letter, for being too excitable; nor hint that I do not try all my might to command myself; for I have been as calm and as *same* one day with another as Miss Pim our Quaker postmistress is. But I must describe my remedy. Dr. Bole said last week, that my mind was fixed too constantly upon some one idea. He recommended immediate travel and change."

"Dearest, I travel with you here, at home. I trace your journey in poor papa's journal of his journey from Florence, which he kept while he was travelling tutor to you as well as his staunch friend Lord Wordley. I put myself day by day into the carriage, and am rolled hour by hour from one place to another with you; and see vineyards, and palaces, and peasants, and priests, and wyeside chapels, and mountains, and lakes, and valleys, and villages with you, and change horses with you, and dine with you, and start afresh with you. It is now Tuesday afternoon, a quarter past four, and I am entering Nice with you. I know I am; because I alighted at Genoa with you, yesterday fortnight, at the same hour that your letter, which came to-day, tells me you stopped at that place. I shall go on travelling with you, dear George, day and night until I hear you hastening down Linney Hill upon Black Nan on the blessed 9th of June."

After the lapse of three days, the next letter began:

"Mrs. Calder is now permanently established at Crookston Hall, and I am extremely uneasy at the frequency of her visits to me. They look like persecution. They talk of sending your father to Bath—for change, they say; but Dr. Bole hints to me that it is to get him out of the way before your arrival. Whenever he is able to speak he asks for you, and I know when you return he would receive you with open arms, if they would only let him. Symptoms of immediate danger from the stroke have subsided, but he is still helpless. Our secret appears to be safe, but I dread Mrs. Calder's searching eyes and calculating visits. Where are we now, still at Nice?"

"Here is our faithful ally, Tom, with the pony-chaise, so I must conclude, dearest. Take my whole heart. YOUR OWN EUSTA."

The date of the next letter was a week later.

"Mrs. Calder is always saying that before poor Mr. Dornley was struck with paralysis, he was continually bewailing that all the influence and consequence of the Crookston patrimony should at his death descend to a Radical, who would use them, as they wickedly say, for base purposes. Dr. Bole tells me another story. The dear old man, he says, sometimes squeezes the doctor's hand and tries to say 'George!' as if he longed to see you. If you could only see him, I am sure he would be entirely reconciled to our marriage."

"I begin to dread that Mrs. Calder suspects something, because when she speaks of my being dull and wretched—as I am sometimes—she says very cruelly that it is lucky poor mamma passed away when she did; and, while pretending that no amount of contumely she heaps upon you can matter to me, feels all the while that she is putting me upon the rack. One day she said that your father's greatest consolation before his illness had been that you were not married; for if he saw a prospect of the property going in succession to any child of yours, it would kill him. I thank Heaven that I had strength to bear this, and that I did not betray myself while she remained; but when she was gone I had a severe hysterical attack, and Dr. Bole was obliged to be sent for. He always looks grave when he speaks of Mr. and Mrs. Calder, and once hinted, that he thought they would stop short of nothing to set you and yours aside. Mrs. Calder's pride is inflexible and she seems to feel, as the wife of a second son, like a person laboring under some indelible disgrace. Oh, if she could only know now, in my utter loneliness, I yearn for some sisterly affection; how I could take even her to my heart; how I should bless God, while you are away if I had one kind and sympathising friend!"

"Still, dearest, I go on counting the hours and minutes that narrow the gulf which separates us from the ninth of June. You and I have been jogging on gaily together since my last, and we are now standing from Dijon. I see your dear eager eyes straining out of the carriage window, and hear your big mind voice urging the

postilion forward. Only three weeks! Oh, that it were only a week, a day, an hour, a minute!"

A few days later:

"They have just heard that your visit to Lord Wordley in Florence has made your election for Shatbury certain, dearest; and nothing can exceed their disappointment. They will speak of you, however much I try to turn off the conversation. Yesterday I said to Mr. Calder (who now comes oftener than ever, sometimes they both come together), that the newspaper seemed to say that the county was getting quiet. 'It will never be quiet,' he exclaimed, 'while such treason-hatchers as George Dornley are allowed to be at large!' and a great deal more in that strain; also, that it was the ruin of the country for such people as you to be allowed to succeed to powerful inheritances. He does not speak passionately, but in a dry way; between his teeth, as if he were grinding his words; his hands tightly clenched on his knee. Mrs. Calder was more spiteful than ever. She spoke of the sin of clandestine marriages, and said they ought to be made illegal, that her children would be beggars compared with your children; and she looked at me from head to foot with a malicious look that made me tremble. I felt almost convinced that she knew all, and said it to wound me; yet I always sit in the great chair with my back to the light, and never leave off my pillow-lace-making; but she has such piercing eyes that she can, I am sure, see in the dark. Both of them harp upon your father's illness; not pitying him, but regretting that it is impossible, in his wretched condition, to get the entail of the Crookston estates cut off."

"In spite of all, my dearest, I go on travelling with you as I sit at work (I have made lace enough for six sweet little caps; and such a long robe!). I hear the horses' bells, and the postilion's whip, and feel a jolt now and then, and somebody gets very angry with post-masters, and uses dreadfully strong expressions. We are now starting from Paris, are we not, darling?"

The next letter was dated a week later:

"Dear old Mr. Dornley was taken to Bath yesterday, and I feel, though I never have seen him since you left, more lonely than ever. Now that the truth will not worry you, my dear husband, I can tell you that I have not related a tenth part of the persecution I have endured from your brother and his wife; although I always wish to think of them with affection and even with love, as your relations. Indeed Dr. Bole has been afraid of something happening before its time in consequence of it: but he does not know what a strong-minded little woman I am."

"This will reach you at Dover; and we are jogging on merrily to London. Your letter to me appears to have been delayed by the post office. I am delighted with the arrangements of your London friend, and lost no time in obeying your instructions. I learn that the cottage he has chosen for us at Hampstead is quite in the country, yet not a very long drive from the House of Commons, where so much of your time will be passed. But, darling, you must not be angry if I disobey you in not leaving our dear home for the new one until after your return. Had your letter arrived when it ought, I might perhaps have been glad to get away from (must I call them?) my enemies; but now, as a week has gone by, and as, from the moment we separated, every faculty I have has been strained to picturing our next meeting here—in the beloved home which is associated with every particle of happiness I owe you, I would rather bear my troubles for a few days longer than go to London to meet you there. Besides Dr. Bole says it may not be safe for me to travel just now. You must, you say, visit Shatbury the moment you land. Now that town being in the way to Crookston, if your plan were adopted there would be a day's delay, and your birthday—the longed-for ninth—would pass away and be no more to me than any other day."

"No one except your brother and his wife call upon me. I have had what dear papa used to call parochial visits from the rector; but Mrs. Drawley and her daughters never come, and scarcely speak when we meet them in the road. Even good Mrs. Pim, the Quakeress of the post-office, whose gossip I used to enjoy so much, has been of late very sparing of her conversation when I go to her shop, and has twice hinted that injurious reports are afloat respecting me, and which have, I shudder when I reflect, strong appearances to favor them. But, darling, next Monday week is the bright golden ninth; and you will come; and all the world will know that I—O I am getting crazy with joy!"

The last letter was that sent to meet the recipient at the Nottingham inn.

"Darling, I send this, as you requested, to the Royal George. Pray give my best remembrances to the good landlady, who was so kind to me when we stopped there on the day of our stolen journey; and to my beautiful little handmaid, her daughter. How well they have kept our secret!"

"We are starting by the night coach from London, and are outside, I fear. Pray let us wrap up warm; for these June nights are treacherous. I never knew such a cold summer."

"Black Nan was sent away yesterday by Farmer Thorn, who, having business at Shatbury, was glad to ride her there. I know you will be pleased with her condition. Be sure and praise her condition to Thomas when you meet him at Alfreton; for he is excessively proud of it; and has been altogether an excellent and discreet lad from the moment you left. I will not fail to send him to meet you with the old gray, at Alfreton, that you may have a fresh horse to gallop you home. I hope you will gallop all the way—home—to me! The ecstasy of that thought is too great."

"O, my adored husband! as Monday approaches, my happiness is scarcely endurable! If my old cloudy fits did not now and then damp it, I believe it would drive me crazy. Sometimes I fancy something might happen to prevent or delay our meeting; sometimes I believe that nothing could prevent it, and that there is no cruelty so terrible upon earth, much less in heaven, to destroy the world of happiness that awaits me. A thousand blessings, my beloved!"

"P. S. I open my letter to say that Dr. Bole has been suddenly sent for to go to Bath to put the Bath doctors in the right way of treating your father."

[The rest of the story, so full of deep, thrilling and startling interest—learned from Hockle's packet, from himself and from persons whose acquaintance I afterwards made—I must tell in my own way in future chapters. It is a strange and eloquent history, and illustrates the mysterious way in which Providence unravels the tangled meshes woven by guilt and crime.]

(To be continued.)

MUCH WISDOM IN LITTLE SPACE.

AGE: GOLDEN AGE, MIDDLE AGE, &c.—Among the ancient poets an age was the space of thirty years, in which sense age amounts to much the same as generation. The interval since the first formation of man has been divided into four ages, distinguished as the golden, silver, brazen, and iron ages; but a late author, reflecting on the barbarism of the first ages, will have the order assigned by the poets inverted—the first, being a time of ignorance, would be more properly denominated an iron, rather than a golden age. Various divisions of the duration of the world have been made by historians: by some the space of time commencing from Constantine, and ending with the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, in the fifteenth century, is called the middle age; the middle is also styled the barbarous age. The ages of the world may be reduced to three grand epochs, viz., the age of the law of nature, from Adam to Moses; the age of the Jewish law, from Moses to Christ; and the age of grace, from Christ to the present year.

LEGION.—The Legion was a corps of soldiers in the Roman armies, and was first formed by Romulus, under whom it consisted of 3000 foot and 300 horse, about 750 B. C. When Hannibal was in Italy, 216 B. C., the legion consisted of 6000 soldiers; and under Marius, in 88 B. C., it was 6200 soldiers, besides 700 horse. There were ten and sometimes as many as eighteen legions kept at Rome. Augustus maintained a standing army of twenty-five legions, about 5 B. C.; and the peace establishment of Adrian was thirty of these formidable brigades. The peace of Britain was protected by three legions. A legion was divided into ten cohorts, and every cohort into 6 centuries, with a vexillum or standard guarded by ten men.

ALI, SECT OF.—Founded by a famous Mahometan chief, the son-in-law of Mahomet, (having married his daughter Fatima,) about A. D. 632. Ali was called by the Prophet "the Lion of God, always victorious;" and the Persians follow the interpretation of the Koran according to Ali, while other Mahometans adhere to that of Abubeker and Omar. It is worthy of remark that the first four successors of Mahomet—Abubeker, Omar, Othman, and Ali, whom he had employed as his chief agents in establishing his religion and extirpating unbelievers, and whom on that account he styled the "cutting swords of God," all died violent deaths; and that this bloody impostor's family was wholly exterminated within thirty years after his own decease. Ali was assassinated in 660.

EN ROUTE FOR THE GREAT RAILWAY CELEBRATION.

OUR EXPERIENCE.

We started from the foot of Duane street on Monday morning last at six A.M., and crossing the ferry, reached in a few minutes the Depot of the New York and Erie Railroad, on our way to witness the great celebration of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. The event seemed to us of such great national importance that we determined to witness it in person, in order to place before our readers a correct and life-like description of one of the great undertakings of this age of marvellous enterprises. The columns of our Illustrated Newspaper have never chronicled for future ages a work of more importance to the vital interests of our great and growing country.

While seated in the cars, we began to reflect upon the doubts, difficulties, and seeming impossibilities which surrounded the beginning of the line upon which we were about to travel; the indomitable perseverance, the inflexible purpose, and unflinching courage of the early projectors of the Erie Railroad, drew from us an involuntary tribute of admiration and reverence.

Beyond a doubt or cavil, the Erie Railroad is one of the greatest achievements, if not the greatest, of modern times. Its line passes through a section of country which, but for the facts before us, would seem to be utterly impracticable for such a purpose. In its course are mountains, upon which, it was thought, no grade could lie; valleys that no one believed, save the trusting few, could ever be bridged or filled in; and precipitous ravines which caused the boldest to say "impossible!" And yet the mountains bear the grades, the valleys are brought to a level, and the impassable ravines have become the highway of a great commerce and a great people. It has opened up the bosom of the country from the Hudson to the shores of the vast Lakes, and has brought us within a few hours of those noted rivers, the majestic Delaware, the pleasant Susquehanna, the Chemung, and the rapid Alleghany. Its course is through old and familiar hunting grounds; through solitude so profound that we could well believe, until then, no human foot had ever profaned it; and there is scarcely a mile of ground which is not sacred to some Indian legend, or to the memory of some Revolutionary incident of note.

We should delight to linger upon this pleasant but poetic view of the Erie Railroad; but in this practical age facts are more sought after; and, after all, the facts connected with this road are more wonderful than the wildest dreaming of poetic inspiration. The length of the road is, within a fraction, 460 miles. Along its entire length runs the private telegraph of the Erie Railroad Company. At every station is an operator, who notes down the position of every train during the day and night, so that no one connected with the trains can be in doubt as to the position of the trains which it expects to meet, or which it precedes or comes after. Such an arrangement seems to provide a safeguard against accidents at once infallible and providential. It affords a sense of security to those travelling the road which no other means could give, and while it redounds to the credit of the enterprising directors, it materially adds to the success of the line. This telegraphic power has acted a prominent part in many curious and important incidents. Criminal absconders, who deemed themselves fairly on their way to elude detection and punishment, have been politely waited upon at an unexpected station, and returned by the next train to meet whatever retribution our lax and ill-dispensed laws may direct. We heard of one laughable, but to the parties interested annoying contretemps, which occurred, and which the telegraph set right, but the parties persisted in setting wrong. A bridegroom and his bride started, a short time since, in the evening train, on their bridal tour. For the first fifty miles all went on smoothly, and we presume pleasantly, but the youthful husband happened to leave the train for a few moments, and the train in turn left him. The bride was disconsolate beyond measure, but she was assured of intelligence at the next station. Sure enough she received a message, desiring her to go to a hotel at the next station but one, where her husband would join her by the next train. She did as she was desired, but the next train arrived and departed and her truant spouse came not to comfort her. Very early in the morning she had recourse to the all controlling telegraph. Messages flew backward and forward, and at last a meeting was effected after eighteen hours' cruel and unnecessary separation. The mistake occurred from the wording of the husband's message. He meant his wife to stop at the station next but one to where he was, and she reading it literally, stopped at the next but one from that at which she had received the message.

The road is built in a solid and perfect manner, and the broad gauge, which is adopted on the whole line of road, is, in our opinion, to be preferred over all others; the cars slide along with scarcely any perceptible motion; the seats are naturally wider, and this additional space afforded to each passenger is a boon to those who are compelled to make long journeys, never to be sufficiently appreciated.

The whole business of the road is carried on in the most thoroughly systematized manner. Order, Heaven's first law, pervades and governs every department. To be up to "time" is a necessity that stares every man in the face, and the telegraphic arrangements, which we have mentioned, enables every conductor to go on fearlessly and arrive at the given spots at the exact moment. To illustrate this fact we would state that we travelled the whole distance, 460 miles, and arrived at our destination at the stroke of the minute laid down in the tide-table. Much of this remarkable punctuality is to be attributed to the fact that at twelve o'clock each day the clocks at all the stations are set together at a signal from the telegraph.

The business done on this road, both in passengers and freight, is truly enormous, and the working material of the road is of course in proportion. The engines number over two hundred; the passenger and freight cars over three thousand; each engine runs during the year over 10,000 miles, the whole during that time running over 3,000,000 miles, or about 9,000 per day. Each mile of the road cost to build about \$46,000; the whole length of the road, 460 miles, with equipments, nearly \$24,000,000. There are from four to five thousand persons in the actual employ of the company, but it would be impossible to calculate the thousands of persons directly or indirectly connected with this mighty artery through which ebbs and flows the tide of population and the wealth of produce of the Great West.

If we were purely to touch upon the various points of interest scattered over the entire road, we should scarcely find room for them in our columns. The history of the various Iron Works, the Ramapo, the Augusta, the Monroe, would alone afford interesting materials for chapters. But we pass by the region of iron and come to the land of milk. The milk of Orange is famous and justly so. Thousands of gallons are sent every day by the Erie Railroad to the great mart of New York. The pleasant little village of Monroe sends a large proportion of this amount, and so completely has milk become an article of export to the inhabitants that, we are credibly informed, it is almost impossible to find a drop in the whole village. They say it spoils the flavor of tea, so the tea is milkless; butter is considered bilious, so the bread of the inhabitants of Monroe is eaten unadorned. Cheese is there an unknown article, therefore it is not eschewed. From the point where the road to Newburgh branches off we come to the mastodon country, so called from the numerous specimens of that strange animal found there. Some of the most remarkable specimens of this monstrous animal which now adorn our museums have been discovered in and about this locality.

How thoroughly we enjoyed our trip through to Dunkirk we can scarcely describe. We were in a constant state of excitement; points of interest and beauty strengthened upon us so incessantly and so rapidly, that our attention was completely and pleasantly absorbed from the moment we entered until we finally left the cars. We had ample evidence of the extent of the freshets during the late winter. In many places the course of the mad waters could be traced by the trees from which the bark had been torn or ground off, in some places to the height of ten feet above the ground; and for many, many acres the banks of the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers presented the melancholy spectacle of trees torn up by the roots, with wrecks of houses, scattered planks, logs, &c., &c. An immense amount of timber is cut in the valleys, and afterwards floated down the rivers in enormous rafts, many of which are so large that four paddles are necessary to guide them. When we passed, the river was so low that some large rafts lay wrecked upon the sand bars. These would either be abandoned or carted away. Numberless saw-mills dotted the country through which we whirled, situated in the most picturesque nooks—so picturesque, indeed, that but for the knowledge that the business required such locations, we should have given the owners credit for an exquisite sense of the beautiful. But be that as it may, they form alarming spots in the glorious panorama, so rapidly passing before us. In many places we found whole tracts of woods on fire, the owners thinking that the cheapest and quickest way of effecting a clearing. We could not but admire the independent sort of hedges adopted along the route. They consist merely of old stumps of trees, which had been extracted by means of a pole so placed as to act as a lever, and the power of two strong oxen applied as a persuader. These stumps are then turned over, and the gnarled and matted roots being uppermost form a hedge that might be used as an impenetrable breast-work in time of need. A little boy acted as our Ganymede during the day, supplying us plentifully with sparkling and refreshing ice-cold water, while other little boys attended to our intellectual wants by tempting us with all sorts of books and a large variety of papers, daily and weekly. One of them particu-

larly pressed upon our notice "Frank Leslie's Illustrated paper," which he assured was "first-rate," "tip-top," and "couldn't be beat, no 'ow." At first we modestly and blushing declined the offer, for the praises of the precocious juvenile offended our nice sense of delicacy; but unable to resist the desire of experiencing the novel sensation of purchasing our own paper, we invested ten cents, which the little rascal charged us instead of six cents, which is our established price, and on looking through its varied columns we, with vanity perhaps, but we hope with pardonable vanity, agreed with the afore-said precocious juvenile, that our "Illustrated paper" was "hard to beat."

Our train was a very heavy one, and our iron horse tugged and snorted, and snorted and tugged again, and at last, after having carried us some hundred miles, or more, gave decisive evidence of his unwillingness to bear us any further by parting company and shooting on ahead. After leaving us for some time in a pleasing state of doubt, it yielded to the sober second thought, and returned, submitted to the process of "coupling," and bore us gallantly and unmurmuringly onward.

A little incident, which occurred as we left Erie, illustrates forcibly the importance which is attached to bring "up to time" on all the roads through the West. We had scarcely moved two hundred yards from the depot at Erie, when one of the steam-pipes of our engine broke, and we were compelled to wait while they got the steam up in another engine. No time was lost in effecting this; but the delay caused by the accident had to be compensated for, and in order to be "up to time" we travelled the next twelve miles in thirteen minutes!—making the distance with ease and safety at a lightning speed. And so we arrived at Cleveland less fatigued than we supposed possible, considering the distance that we travelled.

We found the conductors polite, well-informed, and remarkably attentive. They told us of many hair-breadth, miraculous escapes from destruction which had come under their observation. One or two of these anecdotes we will relate, previous to closing this portion of our journey to Cincinnati. A short time since an engineer was moving his train at the rate of forty miles per hour, when he saw a short distance ahead a young child sitting on the rail. It was impossible to slacken the speed in time to avoid a collision, but as soon as possible the train was stopped. The officials of the train rushed in great haste to the spot where they supposed the mangled remains of the poor child would be found, but instead of the bleeding fragments of humanity, they discerned the little creature quietly seated a few feet from the rail, and perfectly uninjured, having been brushed off by the cow catcher. The way that one of the conductors got his venison for nothing is rather amusing. During last winter many deer were killed by the engines. On one occasion a deer had been pursued by a party of hunters, and flying before them, took to the track. But a swifter and more relentless enemy was behind in the shape of a lightning train. Like horses, deer always run straightforward when caught upon the track. In this case the race was swift but short. The deer sped fast, but the engine followed faster, and in a few minutes the deer was done to death. The train was necessarily stopped, and as no one in particular owned the venison, the conductor annexed it, and rejoiced over a fat haunch, and many a succulent steak.

We passed through the busy and flourishing city of Cleveland, so romantically and advantageously situated upon the shores of the beautiful Lake Erie, and taking a south-westerly direction over the Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati Railroads, arrived safely at the Depot of the Little Miami Railroad in Cincinnati, up to the minute of the regular time, after a rapid but pleasant journey of only thirty-one and a half hour's duration.

PARTICULARS CONCERNING THE CELEBRATION.

(Continued from page 5.)

upon a scale of magnificence worthy of the Queen City of the West. The principal men of the city for the moment threw aside the cares of business and entered with their whole souls into the work. A joint committee of the citizens and the Council committees appointed to make the arrangements, selected R. M. Corwine, Esq., as the chairman; E. B. Reeder reported the plan of the celebration, which was finally agreed upon. The people were requested to observe the 3d of June as one of festivity and rejoicing, to close all places of business, and open their residences for hospitality to strangers; that there be a parade of the steam fire department; that the school children of the city join in the procession; that carriages be furnished to convey the guests through the city and environs; that the military be invited to escort the guests upon arrival; that the Mayor receive the delegations of visitors personally at the different railroad stations; that the citizens of the adjoining cities be invited to partake in the festivities.

According to this programme, the morning of the third was ushered in by the firing of cannon, and by an unusual bustle in our streets. Dignitaries, soldiers and school children were seen hurrying to and fro; while the thousands of strangers who honored Cincinnati with their presence could be designated in groups here and there, discussing the joyous events that had brought them together, and prophesying a new era of commercial prosperity to the country. It is impossible for us, with the crowd of interests pressing upon us, to give the least idea of the procession as a whole. It was one of the grandest ever witnessed in the Ohio Valley, and brought together and displayed the intelligence and enterprise of every State in the Union. There were, however, some special things which deserve attention, because they were characteristic and different from sights ordinarily met with in those jubilees.

Carriages having been provided to convey guests through the city and environs, after the ceremonies of the procession were concluded, a large number of distinguished strangers accepted their hospitality, and under the charge of gentlemen attached to the different committees, they visited the suburbs of Cincinnati. The city, as is well known, is beautifully situated in a valley some three miles in diameter, and surrounded by hills, rising like an amphitheatre some four hundred feet above the level of the river. From the summits of these elevations most charming views are to be obtained. The upper terrace slopes gradually towards the north and terminates at the base of Mount Auburn, a range of limestone hills, adorned from base to peak with country seats, gardens and vineyards, the whole forming at this time of the year a panorama of more than Italian beauty. It was through these luxurious groves, suburban palaces, and vine-decked terraces that the guests were conveyed, all expressing their involuntary astonishment at what they witnessed, constantly finding new causes of admiration.

Liquor sellers are now being fined and imprisoned by wholesale in Vermont, and it is a difficult matter for thirsty gentlemen to obtain "the creature" in the State.

There are thirty-four glass factories at Pittsburgh, Pa., employing 1,932 hands, whose yearly wages are \$910,116, and manufacturing \$2,631,950 worth of glass each year.

About twelve hundred people of color left the United States for Africa during the last year. More than half of them were emancipated for the purpose.

A DISTINGUISHED philologist says that although many modern cynics continually assert that the world is given up in these days to the worship of money, he has discovered that, owing to the peculiar formation of the words, "gold" can never be synonymous with "god" until you knock 't out of it.

A LITTLE girl of twelve or thirteen, at Arabkir, among the Armenians in Turkey, who has learned to read the New Testament, and has become a zealous convert, is boldly preaching not only to the members of her own house, but laborers at work.

A YOUNG British officer, who was mutilated and disfigured in battle, requested a comrade to write to his betrothed in England and release her from the bridal arrangement. Her answer was worthy of a true woman. "Tell him if there is enough of his body left to contain his soul, I shall hold him to his engagement."

The Express interest in the United States is estimated at ten millions of dollars, located as follows: Boston and New England, \$2,000,000; New York City and State, \$5,000,000; Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh and the West, \$2,500,000; the Western States, \$500,000.

GRAND CELEBRATION OF THE CINCINNATI STEAM FIRE DEPARTMENT.



THE STEAM FIRE DEPARTMENT OF CINCINNATI, TURNING OUT TO A FIRE. SKETCHED BY OUR OWN ARTIST ON THE SPOT.

"A STEAMER" OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT OF CINCINNATI TURNING OUT TO A FIRE.

We were fortunate while in Cincinnati in witnessing the "turning out" of one of these "steamers," as they are familiarly called by the citizens. We happened to be on the same block on which an engine was situated; the

moment we heard the tap of the alarm bell, and before we could run the distance of half a square, the engine completely in trim was in the street and on its way to the conflagration. Determined to witness the working of these to us novel contrivances, we continued on, and discovered that the building, the Waverley House, on fire, was of wood, very large, containing eighty rooms, being

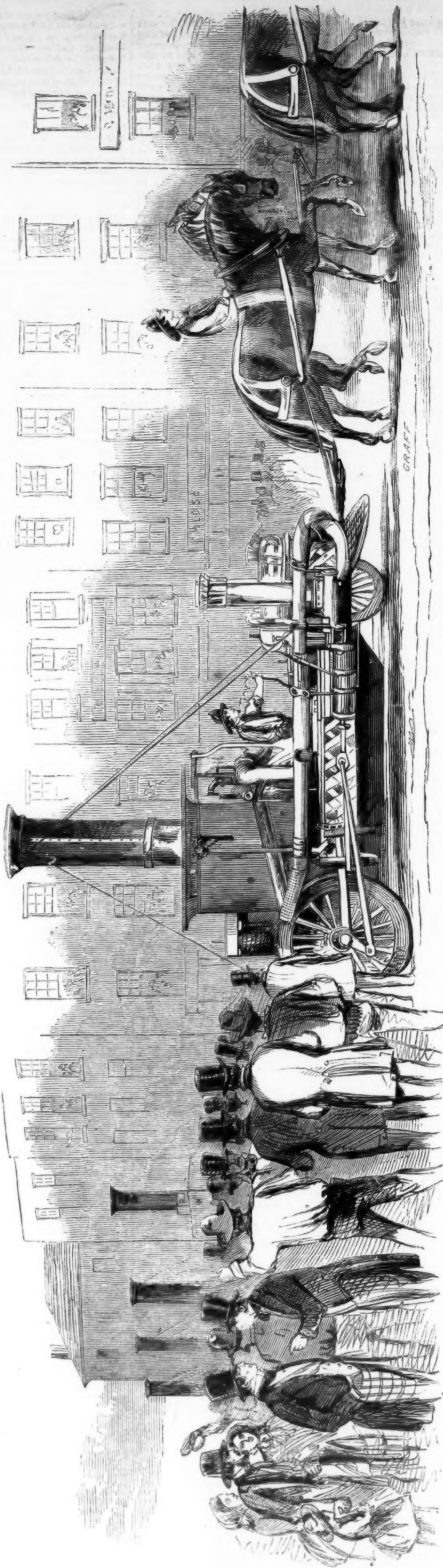
for the moment unoccupied, yet full of furniture; it was set on fire in eight different places, by putting shavings under the beds in different floors of the house. We had hardly time to quickly walk the five or six blocks necessary to reach the scene, before we discovered the steamers "shutting off," the building, in spite of its light materials, so far as fire was concerned, being but little injured, for a stream

of water was almost instantly pouring over each floor, even before the beds under which the fires had been made were consumed.

PROCESSION OF THE STEAM FIRE ENGINES, IN HONOR OF THE OPENING OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD. The most marked feature in this imposing procession

was the turn out of the fire department, which consisted of seven "steamers," fourteen hose carts and one hook and ladder company, the whole escorted by a fine body of military. After parading the streets up to an appointed hour, at the tap of a bell the "steamers" started off at full speed, getting

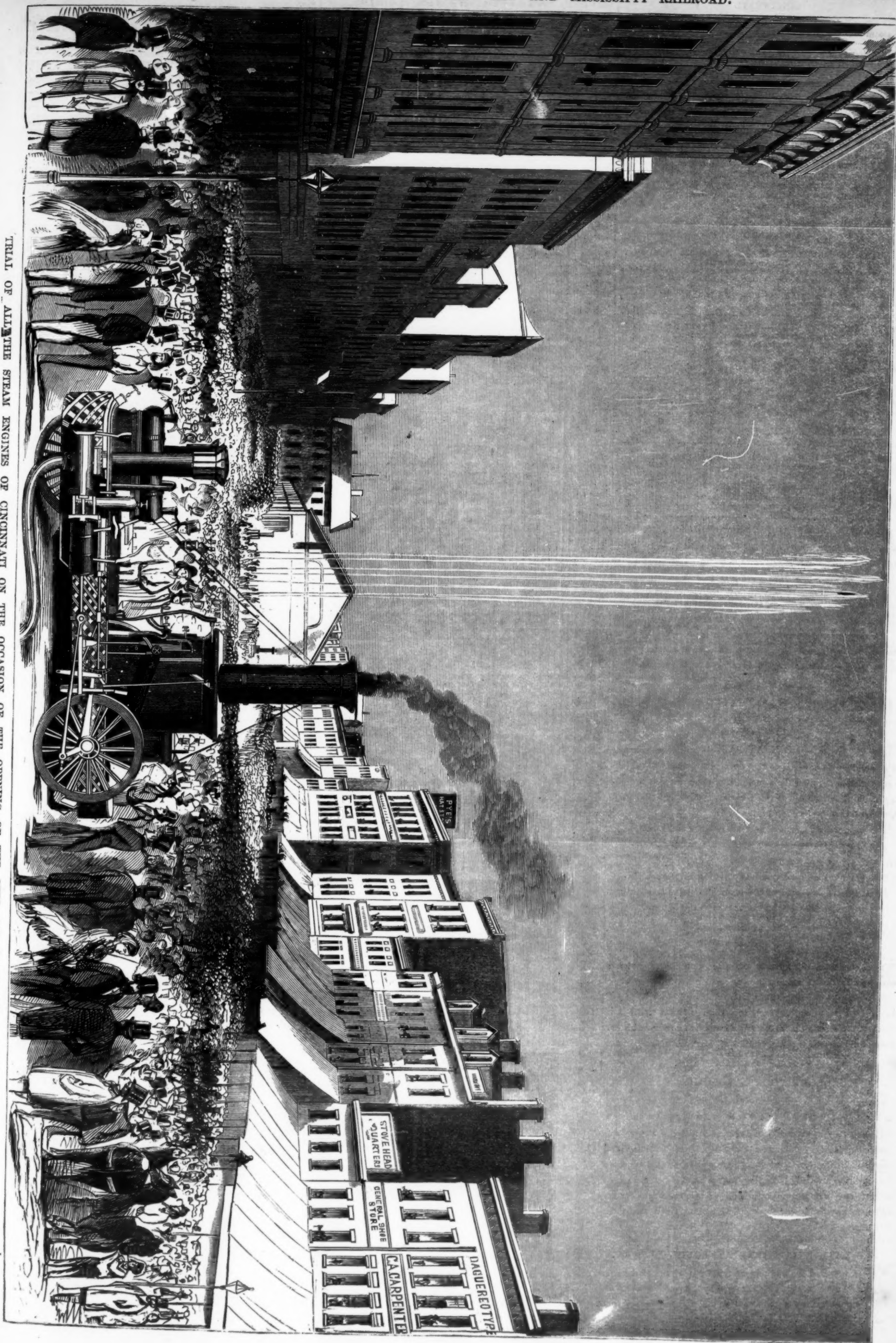
(Continued on page 10.)



PROCESSION OF THE STEAM FIRE ENGINES OF THE CINCINNATI FIRE DEPARTMENT, ON THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

IN HONOR OF THE OPENING OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

TRIAL OF ALL THE STEAM ENGINES OF CINCINNATI ON THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.



PROCESSION OF THE STEAM FIRE ENGINES,
CINCINNATI.

(Continued from page 8.)

up steam at the same instant precisely as if going to a fire.

Proceeding at a rapid pace to the large open square in front of the market on Sixth street, three of the "steamers" took their places at the different cisterns around the square, while the other four took their positions near the cisterns in the adjoining streets. The hose from the different engines was then brought into the middle of the square where the trial took place.

At a given signal, the water suddenly started into the air from seven different pipes, and turned upward, the united glory proving one of the most beautiful sights that could possibly be imagined. The glistening drops sparkled like so many diamonds flung into the air, and the vast crowd assembled gave expression to their admiration by stentorian vivas. The amusing admiration expressed by many country people at the spectacle was quite refreshing; and their remarks upon the beauty and utility of the fire department, though uttered in homely language, was expressive and complimentary.

AMUSEMENTS.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUTON STREET.
Miss LAURA KEENE has opened for the Summer Season, having had the house thoroughly ventilated for that purpose, where she will nightly give the most attractive entertainments.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$6.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE.
The old favorites together again:
Mr. LESTER, Mr. WALLACK, Mr. DYOTT.
Mr. WALCOT.
SATURDAY, May 30th.—Mr. WALLACK'S BENEFIT.
Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Upper Tier, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1.

MR. THALBERG WILL VISIT THE PRINCIPAL CITIES UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS, 444 Broadway below Grand street.
Henry Wood.....Business Manager.
Geo. Christy.....Stage Manager.
ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS.
And other entertainments every evening during the week.
Doors open at 6; commence at 7 1/2 o'clock.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS' New Hall, 585 Broadway, Opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.
Every evening during the week, a variety of entertainments, including NEGRO MINSTRELSY,
Burlesques, &c.
Commences at half-past seven. Admission 25 cents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and everything will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.
ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trubner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JUNE 6, 1867.

OUR NEXT PAPER.

We would notify our readers that our next number will contain a continuation or rather the completion of the ceremonies attending upon the opening of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway. Among other views, we shall give—

THE DIFFERENT DELEGATIONS STARTING FOR ST. LOUIS.

THE STEAMBOATS CONTAINING THE GUESTS, LYING OPPOSITE ST. LOUIS, ILLINOIS SIDE OF THE RIVER.

TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION IN THE CITY OF ST. LOUIS.

DELEGATIONS CROSSING THE RIVER, AND RECEPTION AT ST. LOUIS, WITH INTERESTING SKETCHES ALONG THE ROUTE.

A NEW STORY.

We commence in this number one of the most charming stories ever written by the immortal

CHARLES DICKENS.

It will be continued in each succeeding number until it is finished. We trust that no one who honors our pages with perusal, will overlook this new feature of interest.

OUR FOURTH VOLUME.

This number commences our Fourth Volume, and we are happy to say that it is ushered in with the consciousness on our part, that our efforts to establish an *American Illustrated Paper* have been appreciated by the public, and that a liberal patronage and unequalled subscription list encourages us to increased exertion. Our facilities are daily increasing, and as an evidence of this we refer to our present number, which, we believe, was never excelled by any single paper published by our rivals across the Atlantic.

THE LATE EXCITEMENT AT LOUISVILLE, KY.

We had prepared for our present number portraits of the four negroes, three of whom were executed by the populace at Louisville; and also views of the scenes around the jail, drawn from

photographs taken especially for our paper, but they have been unavoidably crowded out until our next issue of June 13th.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—In our paper of June 20th will appear two illustrated pages dedicated to the National Academy of Design. The illustrations will consist of nine portraits of prominent and rising artists, together with outline sketches of some of the best works of art exhibiting on the walls of the Academy.

We are indebted to Dr. Miller, of the *Chillicothe Gazette*, and also to Mr. Carpenter, daguerreotypist, of Cincinnati, for personal attentions.

PARLOR AND SIDEWALK GOSSIP.

GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

WITH the bright flowers and sunny days of June comes an intense longing to leave the brick and mortar of the city, the close air, the hot, dusty streets, and dream away the long summer months in some terrestrial paradise, where a linen suit and Georgia hat are the only clothing required, and lovely angels in light muslin bring perpetual iced sherry-cobblers with a straw, through which one can lazily imbibe the cool nectar—which is, no doubt, that which is mentioned as being a peculiar favorite of the gods. Already there has been a perfect exodus of our wealthiest and most fashionable citizens. All those owning charming summer residences have left their town mansions, and are enjoying the pleasure of superintending the arrangements of farm and garden, making improvements, admiring the chickens, and other rural occupations too numerous to mention.

Among these are Mr. and Mrs. Moses H. Grinnell, who own a delightful place on the banks of the Hudson, near the residence of Washington Irving. Mr. and Mrs. John J. Astor are also settled for the season at West Park, their beautiful country house opposite Hyde Park, on the left bank of the Hudson. Mr. and Mrs. John D. Wolf have gone to Throg's Neck, and Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Folke to Depau Island, their sea-girt nest, which rises like a beautiful emerald out of the water, opposite New Rochelle.

TRAVELLING ABROAD AND AT HOME.

Travelling to Europe has also become a mania this season. Every steamer for the past two months has been crowded; and on the 21st of June, America loses one of her loveliest ornaments in the person of Mrs. Gould Hoyt, the beautiful daughter of Gen. Scott, who, accompanied by her husband, sails for Europe, where her beauty and accomplishments will add another lustre to the name of New York's fair daughters.

But in the midst of the general depression caused by the sudden loss of so many that were the grace and ornament of our city, we are glad to hear of the expected return of Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury Langdon, who will be heartily welcomed, after an absence of three years, spent in making the tour of Europe, and amid the bewitching scenes and gaieties of Paris. The "lovely Mrs. Langdon" is remembered by every one, notwithstanding the assertion of some ill-natured cynic, that fashionable people think so much of their friends that they have been known to send them an invitation to a party two years after their death.

Travelling at home has become almost as fashionable as travelling abroad; formerly, as soon as people made enough money to pay their passage they started immediately "for the Continent;" now, they would be ashamed to go before learning sufficient of the classic ground of their own country to enable them to answer the questions of intelligent foreigners. More of the wonderful is to be found in the relics of the Tower, or within the time-honored walls of Westminster Abbey, which enclose the remains of those poets and sages, whose works best preserve their remembrance in the hearts of the present generation. Many persons have taken their departure on a tour through the great West; among them Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, of Fifth avenue, and many others are preparing to follow.

Next month it will be time to visit the fashionable watering-places, or rusticate, and astonish the natives in some retired farm-house; and the city will be left to Irish laborers, unlucky paragraphists and police commissioners. Mrs. Wm. H. Jones has already gone to Newport, which will always be a favorite place of resort, on account of its sea-bathing advantages. For a quieter retreat Lenox, Mass., will claim a share. Fairfield, Conn., and old Brantford, whose "Deach House" is greatly and every year increasingly thronged.

NO MORE WEDDINGS.

It is getting too warm for people to marry, and besides, young gentlemen are busy now saving their change, in order to be able to make a splurge by and by at Newport and Saratoga; and so all disappointed young ladies must make up their minds to wait another year, and trust to better luck; and in the meantime go and help some "Aunt Jerusha" milk cows and feed chickens, in order to get a complexion that will defy rouge, and throw pearl powder to the shade, besides increasing the chances next season fifty per cent. Very few weddings take place this month, and those only in fulfillment of long engagements. But moonlight and pretty flowing dresses are remarkably softening influences, and frequently bring about results which the "belle of the ball" has tried in vain to effect. And by judicious management, the roses of another June may witness many more bridal wreaths than are likely to be placed upon fair heads this year. A single flower only, a beautiful exotic, is to be transferred from the soil where she has grown into grace and beauty to the care of one who knows how to prize his treasure. This is Miss Cecilia Le Barbier, who becomes Mrs. Le Cœur in the early part of this month. A splendid reception will be given by the mother of the bride preceding their departure, which takes place soon after the wedding.

YELLOW-PLUSH ARISTOCRACY.

Much has been said lately of the rapid strides in refinement made by the New York domestics, who are nearly approximating to a degree of civilization of which Thackeray gives us a faint idea, and which the following true anecdote illustrates:

An amusing circumstance occurred the other day in connection with yellow-plush aristocracy and the old Knickerbocker. A short time since a gentleman of distinguished appearance and manners joined an old-fashioned church in Green street. The new member was imposing and liberal, and the unsophisticated pastor congratulated himself on the acquisition to the church of so wealthy and influential an individual; he talked him over with his wife, and gave thanks on his account in the evening family prayers. Shortly afterwards the gentleman, in the kindest manner, invited the pastor, his wife, and two or three of the principal members of the church to spend the evening with him, giving at the same time his address, which was "Depau row." Now everybody knows that if there is one street in New York more aristocratic than Fifth avenue, that one is Depau row, and Mr. and Mrs. H., though both belonging to "old" families, could not think of penetrating into so exclusive a quarter without trembling. Still the idea of declining the invitation could not be contemplated for a moment, and the good lady set briskly to work to furnish a toilette suitable to the occasion. Her best light silk dress was taken out, and minute grease spots extracted with brown paper and a flat-iron. A brau new cap was provided, trimmed with real lace and plenty of narrow white satin ribbon, and a new pair of black lace mits completed the arrangements, very much to the old lady's satisfaction and her husband's also, who declared she looked as well as the day she was married. No change was required in the good pastor's carefully kept black suit and smooth white neckcloth; and, just in the very nick of time, a lucky funeral had provided him with a new pair of black kid gloves only a few days before.

Thus equipped they stepped on board the city cars, the lady carrying her cap in a box, and the pastor discussing in his own mind a question as to the propriety, supposing there should be a large company, and he was asked to say grace at the supper table, if it would be better to confine himself simply to giving thanks, or whether he should take the opportunity to add a word of exhortation. Before he had satisfied himself they had arrived at Depau row, and he concluded to act as he should think best under the circumstances. The right number was easily found, the broad steps ascended with palpitating hearts, and the timid touch of the bell answered by a magnificent-looking footman in rich livery. In answer to their inquiry, the lackey informed them the gentleman in question was at home, and requested them to pass through a side-gate to his apartments. This was odd. But not knowing the custom of such great houses, the pastor and his wife did as directed. They were admitted into a handsome sitting-room, where they found their new friend in conversation with Mr. K—, the deacon, and the richest member in the church. This somewhat reassured them; they received a cordial greeting, but soon noticed a cloud on the brow of the worthy Mr. K—, and took advantage of the temporary absence of their host to inquire the cause. What was their dismay to find that they had been deluded into accepting an invitation to Mr. M—'s house, the "oldest" family in town, not from Mr. M—, but from Mr. M—'s valet! The old lady thought of her real lace and new black mits, and could have cried; this was reducing Christianity to practice in a way that was immensely disgusting. But there was no help for it. They determined to have prayers, and then plead engagements, and take their leave. This was done, their gentlemanly host taking his turn, and praying fervently for the extension of brotherhood among men, and the pastor inwardly resolving to preach a sermon the next Sunday on the difference between the "brotherhood in Christ," and the distinctions it was necessary to observe in our daily intercourse. Much more was expressed at their parting, and they were politely invited to call at any time and on any day.

over some excellent wine. Thanking their host for the offer, but resolving never to be caught in such a scrape again, they returned home sadder and wiser.

MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE.

When we examine the items in the list of millions upon millions of dollars expended in the government of New York city, we find but one solitary item credited to the amusement and recreation of the people, and this paltry item of a few hundreds is disbursed for dwarf fireworks and dazzling crackers in honor of the Fourth of July. Money is willingly and lavishly spent to punish, but not a cent is appropriated for amusing the people and thereby rendering punishment less necessary. We see by the Boston papers that the Common Council has appropriated \$2000 for music in the public places during the summer months. This is a most wise and popular movement, and cannot fail to be productive of much innocent enjoyment to thousands. Some such movement by our city officials, when it is settled who's who and what's what, would receive the approbation of all parties, and would be looked upon as a welcome boon by the public at large. A few thousand dollars would enable a properly appointed committee to furnish music for the people twice a week at three points, say the Battery, the Parade Ground and Madison Square. This arrangement would divide the masses, and afford tens of thousands of people many hours of charming and rational enjoyment. Up to the present time all legislation has tended towards "Pains and Penalties;" it would be a sublime novelty to see our lawgivers using their influence and power of promoting the happiness of the people by supplying them with a means of pleasurable relaxation.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

There is a proposition to raise a monument to the memory of John Howard Payne, the author of the universal household song of all those who speak the English language. The proposition emanates from Boston, we believe, and does honor to that city. It will be taken up eagerly by thousands, for there is scarcely a part of the habitable globe which has not recounted at one time or the other with the inspired words and simple music, springing almost spontaneously from the heart of some "Exile from Home." The monument should be raised by subscription, and the subscription should be received in small amounts, so that the humble in circumstances should be enabled to give his mite as well as his wealthier brother. It is indeed the song of the poor, appealing directly to that class whose chiefest wealth lies in their store of home affections and the sacred associations and memories they inspire.

We hardly see, however, how it is possible in recording the influence of the poem, to separate the words from the music. Beautifully touching and simple as the poem is, we shall not be contradicted when we assert that while as a poem it might have lived in the memory of many, it has become immortal by its union with music. To the poet and the musician equal honor is due, and the names of John Howard Payne and Sir Henry R. Bishop will go down to posterity together, and should never be separated in an inscription which relates to the people's household song.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MATRIMONIAL AGENCIES.

THE matrimonial agencies in Paris are institutions of much importance. A great deal of real business is transacted, and many matches have been made of happy issue. The grossest deception is, however, frequently practised, and the principle of the whole business is, undoubtedly, essentially corrupt. One would suppose that in this age of enlightenment no one could be found willing to have recourse to such a means to procure a partner for life, but "the fools never die out," and, consequently, these establishments prosper.

The following is one of many anecdotes of the way the proprietors of the matrimonial agencies effect their objects: At Lille, in the department of the Nord, there lived, a short time ago, a handsome young girl, who had a fortune of six hundred thousand francs, to be stowed on a husband of her choice. All the young men of that country had made efforts to reach the heart of the heiress in vain. She believed that, notwithstanding her beauty, her admirers sighed more for her France than for her person. She wished to be loved (the old story!) for herself—a log cabin and her heart!

In her quality of rich heiress, the name of the young girl was, naturally, found inscribed in the books of our matrimonial agent. Her name stood high up in the list of the first category—one of the rarest flowers of the matrimonial bouquet. At that period our agent protected a handsome young fellow, who desired nothing better than a match such as this. The agent pointed his finger to the young Lilloise, *Petite du Nord*. He wrote at the same moment to his correspondent, put him into the secret of the affair, sent him three thousand francs to enable him to give a bail, to which was to be invited all the flower of the town.

The morning of the ball the young man fell as if by accident at the correspondent's house, like a friend who makes a visit unheralded, appeared at the ball and danced with the young girl, letting off in her honor a whole artillery of compliments, dwelling especially upon his quality as stranger. He knew no one in the city, he was completely ignorant of the name of the lady with whom he had had the happiness to dance; but he had never been dazzled with such bright eyes, he had never seen or admired such hair, he had never seen such patrician hands, such a flexible waist, such pretty feet, such perfect grace, &c.

After the first cotredance, he solicited the favor of a waltz, then a polka, then a mazourka, then a schottische. He showed himself during the whole evening so completely devoted to the young girl, that the latter, reflecting that the good looking stranger had only arrived in the morning and consequently could not know the figure of her marriage portion, believed that at last she had found the ideal of her dreams, the enthusiastic Werther, the Saint Preux of platonic love.

A few days afterwards the young man obtained through the kind offices of his friend, the correspondent, an invitation to the soirees of the parents of the young girl, and the Paris agent has just received a letter from his correspondent at Lille, which read as follows:

"My dear Sir: The game is bagged. Yesterday I conducted the shepherdess to the altar, and to-day I pocketed my six hundred thousand francs."

And that is one way in which young girls are bought and sold in France, without their knowing it.

AUSTRIA IS DOWN UPON KOSSUTH.

The Emperor of Austria has magnanimously granted a general amnesty to all Hungarians engaged in the last rebellion. The renowned and patriotic Kossuth is the only one excluded from the imperial mercy. It is generally believed that Kossuth, or Kossooth, or Kossoot, whichever way his honorable name is pronounced, does not care the worth of a pin for the whole concourse in England; he eats well, drinks well, and sleeps well. He lives, as it were, on the fat of the land, and digests his luxuries by occasionally lecturing the British Government in proxy but bitter language, about their short comings, and by toadying the British people. He lives very comfortably upon the "freedom of Hungary," and the "material aid" of which he is the almoner, he finds aids materially in contributing to his personal enjoyment.

AN AMERICAN ASTONISHES ALL FLORENCE.

The Boston *Evening Gazette* records that the celebrated turfman, Mr. Ten Broeck, conducted recently in a light carriage eight horses, two abreast, at a rapid rate up and down the narrow, slippery streets of Florence, in a manner that so frightened the police, though nothing of the kind could have been more prettily done, that they waited on him with a prohibition to limit himself for the future to four horses, as royalty itself never aspired to more than six, even with the aid of postillions.

THE MARSEILLAISE—AMERICAN NATIONAL AIR.

A correspondence from Genoa, published in the Paris *Constitutionnel*, says that the Grand Duke Constantine and his officers there went to the theatre where they heard for the first time in their lives the *Marseillaise*, introduced into a ballet representing the emancipation of slavery in the United States.

THE LATE EMPEROR NICHOLAS AN INVENTOR.

The following anecdote will prove that the late Emperor Nicholas, besides being a man of rare intelligence, was actually an inventor, and that being an inventor, like all public benefactors, he refused to take out a patent for his invention, but left it open to the whole world, to be adopted or not, without let or hindrance. It is a striking instance of the fine arts adapted to the ends of justice, and the condescension of the kindly intellect, in stooping to be useful instead of ornamental, will certainly "point a moral and adorn a tale." The anecdote runs thus:—About two years ago, a gang being at work in the dock yard of Sebastopol, one of them attacked a passer-by without any provocation, knocked him down, smashed his face with the manacles on his hands, then jumped upon and trampled him to death. The act had been so sudden that the occurrence could not be prevented. It was thought by the authorities that so brutal a murder should be visited with some peculiar punishment as an example to the others, for if the man was hung or shot immediately the circumstance would soon be forgotten. The case was made known to the Emperor Nicholas, who, on hearing it, ordered an iron wheelbarrow to be made, and chains from its legs to be attached to those of the man. This was accordingly done, and, of course, the man could not move a yard without wheeling it in front of him. It is said that a week after he had been thus punished he begged to be put to death, as it made his life a burden to him. This of course was not listened to, and three months after the wretched man died raving mad!

There are sixty-three divorce cases on the docket of the Marion Circuit Court at the present time, of which fifty have been brought by non-residents, who have availed themselves of our shamefully lax laws.

The *Muncie Messenger* says that three hundred deer were killed in that (Delaware) county during the past year, and that the peltry trade of the county is about ten thousand dollars a year.

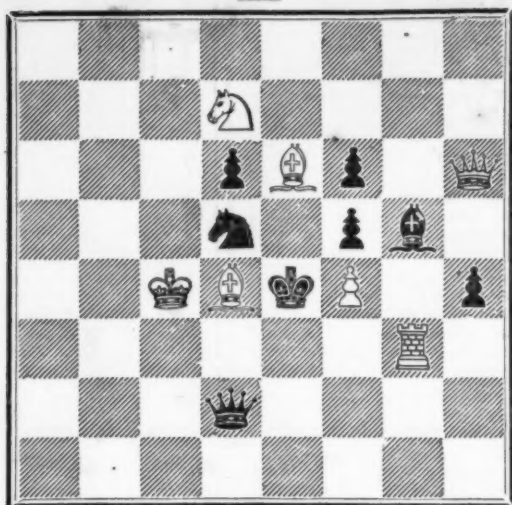
Mrs. Mary J. Shults has commenced suit in the St. Louis Circuit Court for \$50,000 damages against Col. Alexander M. Mitchell, one of the heroes of the Mexican war, for making her his wife seductress to provide for their own family, &c.

CHES.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Chess department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

PROBLEM LXXVIII.—By T. M. BROWN, Newark. White to mate in four moves.



GAME LXXVIII.—(EVANS GAMBIT.)—Between two leading players of the Syracuse Club.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	15 K to R	Kt to B P (ch) (c)
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	16 K to B	Q to B 5 (ch)
3 B to Q B 4	B to Q B 4	17 K to Kt	Kt to R 6 (ch)
4 P to Q Kt 4	B to Kt P	18 K to B	B to Kt 5
5 P to Q B 3	B to R 4	19 Q Kt to Q 2	Kt to B
6 Q to Q Kt 3	Q to K 2	20 R to K 4 (d)	Q to Kt 6
7 Castles	Kt to K B 3 (a)	21 R to K 2	Kt to K 4
8 R to K	Castles	22 Kt to K 4	Q to B 5
9 P to Q 4	P to P	23 P to P	B to Kt 5
10 P to K 5	Kt to Kt 5	24 P to B	Kt to P 3 (ch)
11 B to Q R 3	P to Q 3	25 R to K B 2	Kt to Q 7 (ch)
12 P to K 5	Q to K B 3	26 K to Kt 2	Kt to K 4
13 P to K 5	B to P	27 R to K 2	Kt to K R (ch)
14 B to R	B to K R P (ch)	28 K to B 3	Kt to Q R and wins.

NOTES TO GAME LXXVIII.

- Even thus early White has allowed Black to obtain a much better developed game than the second player can usually hope for in this (when well conducted) crushing attack.
- P to Q 7 was much better.
- Black plays remarkably well from this point to the end.
- This is losing precious time in a most critical position.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM LXXVIII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Q to K R 2 (ch)	K to Kt 5 (best)
2 B to Q B	Q to K R 3
3 Q to K 5	K to Kt 6
4 Q to K R 3 (ch)	K to B 7
5 B to K 3 (ch)	K to B 8
6 Q mates.	

FAMILY PASTIME.

PRACTICAL PUZZLE.

Get a bottle full of water, with the cork driven tightly in, and the top of it level with the neck of the bottle. You must remove the cork from the bottle without touching the cork with anything, and without injuring the bottle.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

An old man married a young woman; their united ages amounted to C. The man's age multiplied by 4 and divided by 9, gives the woman's age. What were their respective ages?

RIDDLES.

- If your gown was too small, what letter would give you stuff enough to enlarge it?
- If in me my first's my second, I shall ne'er my whole be reckon'd.
- When I have wings most people wish me to fly away—when I have none, many take me in their hands. I don't go far to a ball, but have to do with one. I am sometimes near a trap, but never was known to be caught in one. I am a striking person all will allow, yet I am very apt to keep out of sight. I was known to Titania's elves, and have sometimes been taken for a ghost. I do not drink, but I love a good bowl. I am not a grasshopper, but the cricket cannot get on without me.

I'm slain to be saved, with much ado and pain, Scatter'd, dispersed, and gather'd up again; Wither'd, though young—sweet, though unperfumed, And carefully laid up to be consumed.

TRANSPPOSITION.

I'm a sharp little blade, With diminutive head, Meet ladies I help to keep warm; If it were not for me, You quickly would see How soon they'd expose every charm.

Reverse me, I pray, And then, prythee, say, How, with me, you would like, sir, to deal; If I came on your arm, You would think me too warm, For I'm sure I could cause you to feel.

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME—PAGE 419, VOL. 3.

PRACTICAL PUZZLE.—When the first line of figures is set down, subtract two from the last right-hand figure, and place it before the first figure of the line, and that is the quotient or five lines. For example, suppose the figures given are 86,214, the quotient will be 286,212. You may allow any person to put down the two first and the fourth lines, but you must always set down the third and fifth lines, and in doing so always make up 9 with the line above, as in the following example:
Therefore in the annexed diagram you see that you have made 9 in the third and fifth lines with the lines above them. If the person desired to put down the figure should set down a 1 or 0 for the last figure, you must say we will have another figure, and another, and so on until he sets down something above 1 or 2.
In solving the puzzle with three lines, you subtract 1 from the last figure, and place it before the first figure, and make up the third line yourself to 9. For example: 67,856 is given, and the quotient will be 167,855, as shown in the above diagram.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.—1. London. 2. Solomon. 3. Olive-oil. 4. Violin.

ENIGMA.—The two men had been widowers, and married each other's daughters.
PUZZLE.—Four merry fiddlers play'd all night To many a dancing nancy; And the next morning went away And each received a guinea.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF HIS RACE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "MINNIE GREY," ETC.

(Continued in No. 52.)

CHAPTER LIV.

Let mutual joy our mutual fears combine, And love, and love-born confidence, be thine.—DAYDEN.

GENERAL DE COURCIE, the blind soldier of the Empire, whom we introduced to our readers in the earlier portion of our narrative, was both wealthy and childless. As a natural consequence, his relatives were all jealous of the influence of his still handsome wife, whose devotion was attributed to an unworthy desire of inheriting all his wealth; the veneration with which she regarded him—the patient sweetness which, year after year, sustained her in her efforts to cheer his solitude, to their jaundiced minds appeared only as a well-sustained artifice to achieve one ultimate end. No wonder, therefore, they both feared and hated her.

The Viscount Alfred de Migniot, the son of his only sister, had long been accustomed to consider himself as his uncle's heir; and when the health of the veteran began visibly to break, became unremittent in his interested attentions. He had not forgotten the offers of Captain Heleman, his hints about the jewels, and the still darker insinuations he had thrown out of the early errors of the woman he had so heartlessly plundered.

We have seen how the attempt upon the life of Lord Charles Murray enabled Lilini to defeat his purpose of completing the ruin he had planned, by selling to the calculating nephew the proofs of his aunt's supposed frailty. Although disappointed in obtaining them, the noble Viscount had gained a certain clue to the past, which he was far too skilful not to use to his own ends. Taking advantage of the weakened mind of his relative, he artfully commenced operations, by obscure hints of the fidelity of his wife, and pointed out how easy it was for an unprincipled woman to deceive a husband whom Providence had so afflicted.

At first these insinuations were heard with angry impatience, if not indignation; but gradually they were listened to, and, if not believed, entertained. The temper of the General became irritable; and the forbearance, the untiring kindness of Madame de Courcie—the qualities of heart which ought to have given the lie to the unmanly insinuations of her accuser—were construed into fear—proofs of a remorseful conscience.

Unfortunately, there were circumstances in the memory of the man thus cruelly deceived which rendered him more credulous than he might otherwise have been. Adelaide had frankly told him, when he solicited her hand, that she had loved another—that her heart was buried in his grave. When the high-minded woman confessed this, it was without the slightest intention to deceive. Had she dreamt that the object of her affection was still living, not even the harsh command of her father, Colonel Hardy, much as she feared him, would have induced her to become his wife.

When the jealousy and wounded pride of the old soldier had been worked to the proper pitch, Alfred de Migniot hinted at the satisfaction his aunt would doubtless feel in the event of being left a wealthy widow. It was a delicate point to touch upon; and had not his relative been stung almost to madness by his excited feelings, the sordid motive must have been detected.

"I will leave her a beggar!" exclaimed the blind man, passionately. "Would you believe it, boy; in my foolish confidence—my abused affection—misled by her seeming virtue, I have bequeathed her all I possess? But it is not too late," he added, "to punish her."

Could he have seen the expression of his nephew's countenance on hearing this announcement, he would have required no further proof of the artifice which had been practiced on him.

"Go to-morrow to my notary," he added. "It is not so pressing," observed the Viscount, with a smile of joy; "you can wait."

"Not a day—not an hour," replied the General. "If I cannot protect my honor, I can at least guard my fortune from her designs. I forbid you to appear in my presence," he added, "without him. My resolution is final, irrevocable."

The above conversation took place in the evening, and the calumniator soon afterwards took his leave.

Madame de Courcie had marked with intense anguish the growing estrangement of her husband, and but too well divined the cause. It was not the prospect of losing his wealth that afflicted her—in her heart there was no room for the calculations of sordid interest; it was the loss of his confidence and esteem which wrung her heart. She had no friend to advise or support her, and her lips were sealed by the recollection of the past, which, although without guilt, she lacked courage to explain.

How frequently has it been observed that night brings counsel! During the hours of his restless vigil—for sleep was denied him—General de Courcie had time to weigh over in his mind not only the accusations which had been instilled into it, but the character of the woman whom he was about to deprive of fortune, and cast, in the event of his death, helpless on the world. The former was unsupported by the shadow of evidence—the latter had been uniformly dignified, retiring, and affectionate. No wonder that the question arose whether he had not come to a conclusion too hastily.

"The greatest criminal is not judged unheard," he murmured to himself. "I will speak with Adelaide in the morning. True, I cannot detect either the blush of shame or innocence on her features; but her voice will tell me whether she has been wronged or not: I will trust to that."

Again, when he recollected the silence with which his wife had listened to hints and reproaches evidently pointed at her own conduct, his suspicions returned with all their force, and he accused himself for a blind confiding fool to hope against hope, and trust against conviction.

Still he kept his first resolve, and on the following morning, when his wife repaired to his apartment to inquire how he had passed the night, she found him seated in his chair, calm and serious, not as he had of late so frequently been—irritable and unjust.

"You are better," she exclaimed, delighted with the change. "I am certain you are better. Are you not?"

"Give me your hand, Adelaide."

She placed it in his, and her husband gently kissed her on the forehead.

"It may be the last," he thought. "So much for human weakness. The sternest of mankind must pay their tribute."

"I am better," said General de Courcie, replying to her question; "but I fear it is that treacherous lull, that cessation from pain which precedes the final change, and warns us that we must part from all that time hath endeared or love e'er gave."

"Speak not so sadly," interrupted his wife; "I know that all must die."

"All," repeated her husband, solemnly; "it is then the secret of all hearts will be laid bare—the veil of deceit cunning hath weaved be rent aside—the mask fall from the face of hypocrisy! How many a heart," he added, "now happy in its confidence, will find that happiness has been a deception; and mourn over the errors and frailties of the being it most loved!"

"True," answered Adelaide, musingly.

"But there has been no such deep deception," continued the blind man, in a voice of emotion. "You have never sported with the name confided to your honor—outraged the misfortunes of a man who loved and trusted you by fixing on his brow the brand of shame? No, no; it would be too horrible, too vile—impossible! The wife of General de Courcie," he added, "is incapable of such treachery."

"You know she is," answered the lady, with quiet dignity.

"You have never deceived me?"

"Never."

The husband's suspicions began to vanish; an instant more, and he would have pressed her to his heart.

"Nor concealed anything from me, Adelaide?" he said. "Answer me that question, only that, and I shall be satisfied. You start! I feel your hand tremble in mine. It is true then! I that I have refused to credit is true," he added, bitterly; "and the honor the enemies of my country could never tarnish, is sullied by a woman."

"Have I deserved these unjust suspicions?" exclaimed his wife, with difficulty repressing her tears; "are they worthy of you or me? When you asked me to share your name I told you that my affections had been another's."

"And that he was dead," interrupted the General; "was that true?"

"I believed so."

"Believed so?" repeated her husband, furiously. "I see it all. Viper—thing without shame or blush—the darkness of my eyes has fallen on my heart. Leave me, lest, maddened by the sense of my dishonor, I forget that you are a woman—begone, and bear with you the curse of the confiding fool you have betrayed!"

"No! no!" shrieked the unhappy creature, sinking on her knees; "you wrong me: by all that the heart holds sacred, you wrong me—I am innocent!"

General de Courcie repeated the word "innocent," with a scornful mocking laugh, and pointed to the door, which at the same instant opened to give admittance to the Count Lilini.

The Spaniard comprehended at once the nature of the scene he had interrupted; and, advancing into the room, he raised Adelaide from her suppliant position.

"Go," he whispered, "and leave me with your husband."

"Who spoke?" demanded the infuriated man.

"Your friend Lilini."

"Lilini," repeated the blind man; "yes! yes! you are a friend. Were truth and honor banished from the world, they would still find a shrine in that manly heart."

"And yet you may live to doubt even me," observed his visitor, who had led Madame de Courcie to the door of the room and returned.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the General; "an angel's warning could never shake my strong faith in your worth. Friend! brother! preserver!" he added, "you have arrived at a moment when your presence was most needed. The woman whom you saw kneeling at my feet—"

"Your wife," interrupted his hearer.

"Has dishonored me."

"Had any other tongue pronounced that calumny," answered Lilini, his life blood had answered it. She is purely false."

"But you do not know—"

"I know all," interrupted the Spaniard; "how artfully you have been worked upon by a sordid nephew whose aim is leveled at your fortune—"

weakly you have yielded to the impression—how cruelly you have judged! I told me," he continued; "it is time that I unravelled a mystery which, as I said but now, may lead you to doubt even me."

"To doubt you?"

"At the age of eighteen I first became acquainted with your wife. Start not; you shall know all. Not more freely would I confess myself to Heaven than to you. We loved. You know all that word implies in hearts like ours with innocence and truth. At that period of my life I was dependent upon an elder brother, unwisely left the guardian of my little fortune. I dared not ask his consent to our marriage, certain that it would not only be refused, but the stern parent of Adelaide informed of our attachment. I confided to a friend, who advised a private marriage. It took place, he procuring the licence and the priest."

"What do I hear?" exclaimed the astonished General; "are the fiends mocking me?"

"Patience, old soldier," said Lilini, kindly; "the rest will soon be told. The friend I so blindly trusted proved a disappointed rival. The licence he had procured was a forged one, the priest an impostor. Indignant at the discovery, I reproached both him and my brother, who, it appears, acted in concert with him, of their mutual treachery. A struggle ensued—a shot was fired, and my false brother fell."

"I had friends," resumed the speaker, "who concealed me from the pursuit actively set on foot, for it was given out that I had sought by fratricide to inherit the estate of my forefathers. As ill blood had long existed between us, the story was generally believed by all but one, who had witnessed the whole transaction. He ventured to proclaim my innocence, and paid with his life the penalty of his rashness. They murdered him."

"And your brother?"

"Lived to become a husband and a father. My death was generally credited. Adelaide supported her grief in silence. You met, proposed to her, and became what I once fondly hoped to be—her husband."

"And yet she knew that she had been betrayed," observed the General, bitterly.

"Not for years afterwards," answered Lilini, "or a sense of honor would have obliged her to avow all. Have you forgotten how frequently I refused an introduction to your family?—how reluctantly I assented to it at your repeated solicitation? A painful step was necessary to inform Adelaide of my existence, and explain the mystery which rendered her legally your wife."

"Since then?" gasped his hearer.

"Since then," repeated the narrator of these melancholy events, "she has been to me as a sister."

The husband repeated the word doubtfully.

"Man!" exclaimed Lilini, passionately. "have you neither heart nor brain?—are both closed against conviction? This ungenerous suspicion forces me to remind you of the occasion that made us friends at Toulouse. When the charge of the British cavalry had left you wounded and defenceless, who, regardless of his own danger, dragged you from the heaps of slain, and saved your life? Had I hesitated but for an instant, the barrier between myself and the woman I once madly loved would have been removed: honor impelled me to the act, for you were the husband of Adelaide."

"True! true!"

"Could a brother have tended you with greater care—have watched more patiently by your fevered couch—than he did whom you now suspect? What dreamers are we," he added, bitterly; "with all my past experience in the ingratitude of the world, I weakly believed that one man still existed capable of judging, uninfluenced by passion or weakness, of a friend."

"Forgive me Lilini," said the General, deeply moved. "I am enfeebled by sickness; my heart has been wrung by the poison instilled into it. My confidence is unshaken: there is my hand; if you can grasp it, do so, and the last doubt will vanish from my mind."

The next instant they were warmly pressed together.

"Where is my wife?" added the speaker.

The Count rung the bell twice, and Madame slowly entered the room. It was the signal agreed upon between her defender and herself. Her agitation was so great that she tottered rather than walked towards the chair in which her husband was seated, and sank at his feet.

"Not there," faltered the blind man, raising her, "but to my heart. It is your home."

"You know all?" faltered the lady.

"All," he repeated.

"And forgive me my silence?"

A kiss was the seal of reconciliation. The Count witnessed it without a pang; for he had truly stated that the once idolized Adelaide was to him only as a sister.

With a smile of satisfaction he left the room, and returned to his friends at their hotel.

When Alfred de Migniot arrived at a later hour in the day with the notary, he was received by his uncle in the library. The veteran had his wife before him. Handing it to the man of law, he directed him to read it aloud. By it everything was left to his wife.

"Is it legal in every point?" demanded the General, as he concluded; "not one loophole for litigation or dispute?"

"Not one."

"Impossible to make it more binding?"

"Impossible," repeated the notary; "but, if I rightly understood the instructions of the Viscount, it was to cancel it that my presence was required."

"On the contrary," replied the blind man, "I confirm it in every particular, in token of my unbroken confidence in the affection and purity of the woman whom my interested relative has so foully calumniated. Begone!" he added, rising from his seat; "your acts are known, your motives clear. Leave the house of the man you have outraged, and darken his dooms no more!"

The disappointed nephew would have lain exposed, but an impatient wave of the hand warned him that it would be useless.

He had played his stake like an unprincipled gamster, and lost it.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

A PATENT HORSE PUMP.—This is an ingenious contrivance for making horses and cattle draw the water from the well for their own drinking. An inclined plane reaches to the water trough, which plane is made to descend by the weight of the animal, and in descending, by means of wheels and chain, it raises a bucket of water and pours it into the trough. Each animal raises a quantity of water proportionate to its weight. A horse will bring up a full bucket, but a sheep, having less weight, will only draw up perhaps a sixth of a bucket. A valve is placed in the bucket, through which escape all the excess of water beyond the quantity the animal standing on the platform is able to draw. Thus every weight placed on the platform will draw so much quantity of water. We are informed that this simple contrivance will save more labor on a farm, than any other mechanical invention except the plough. It is easy of construction, and no more liable to get out of order than a common well and pump. Mr. Dyer is disposing of territorial patent rights, to use and sell the machine.

Mr. D. Robertson, of Wolcottville, has made application for a patent pocket of his invention, to be located in one's boot. It is so arranged as to be a perfectly safe receptacle for surplus cash and valuable papers, and the light-fingered gentry will be likely to get more "kicks than coppers" if they attempt to open it.

GAS MADE FROM WATER.—All attempts to manufacture gas from water alone, had heretofore been a complete failure; Payne's Gas, Turpentine and Water Gas, Water and Plasma Gas, and many such like have all proved either impracticable or inferior to the coal and wood gas now in use. A French chemist, M. Gillard, has at last discovered and put into actual use the gas made from water, not in the laboratory nor at an exhibition, but in illuminating a whole town; the ancient city of Narbonne, France, glories in a light, the elements of which are drawn from its antique and beautiful canal, the flame looking like the electrical light, dazzling but not tiresome, as white as can be, without vacillation or smell; all burners being similar to so many planets. Under the influence of this new light objects such as flowers or garments preserve their natural color as they look with the sun; crowds are flocking from a distance to behold the new triumph of human science. M. Gillard exhibited at the gas works an apparatus for warming and cooking by means of the new gas; a kettle full of cold water was put in ebullition by a single burner in one minute and a half, by blowing with a pipe; copper and iron were reddened, and glass melted almost instantaneously.

THE DYNAMOSCOPE.—Stethoscopic auscultation established a principle—thanks to M. Laennec—which has at length produced the Dynamoscope; perhaps its greatest service. Other Frenchmen had made some approaches in their efforts to find a mechanical gauge for the animal economy—M. Bonnet, for example, with his age telling Spirometer, and M. Guillet with his Pneumatometer—but M. Colloagues appears to have won all the honors of discovery by his little steel ear-trumpet, which reports to the practised ear the organic action and actual condition of the entire body at any given moment—gauges its vital force, its age, health and temperature—indicates the course and the event of diseases, &c. The marvellous little instrument, which would seem to leave "clairvoyance" without an apology, is said to be the final result of experiments in auscultation which led to the discovery that all vital organization gives out an audible sound—a low hum, accompanied by very distinct crackling. These sounds may be discerned, we are told, by an acute ear, but more distinctly with the aid of a steel or cork conductor; and they are said to vary in a measurable manner with the age, temperament, health and seasons, to indicate the difference between the effects of fatigue and disease, apparent and real death, &c. In complete paralysis, epilepsy and the like, they entirely disappear, though they continue for ten or fifteen minutes after the cessation of pulsation and respiration in death. They are also heard in amputated limbs for some minutes after the operation—as some creatures appear to be alive after losing their heads. The humming (bourdonnement) appears in every part of the body to which the instrument may be applied, but the crepitation only at the extremities of the fingers and toes—when one of them is placed in its bowl. We are not aware that any theory has been deduced from these singular results of this new course of physiological inquiry.

GUN-COTTON.—Experiments have been made on a grand scale with gun-cotton. It was found to answer much better than gunpowder for military mining purposes, "as the explosive power was greater, and there was not the least smoke in the galleries." The artillery has already two "gun-cotton" batteries, but experiments are still made, as it has been remarked that common charcoal with gun-cotton are more liable to burst than those in which powder is used.

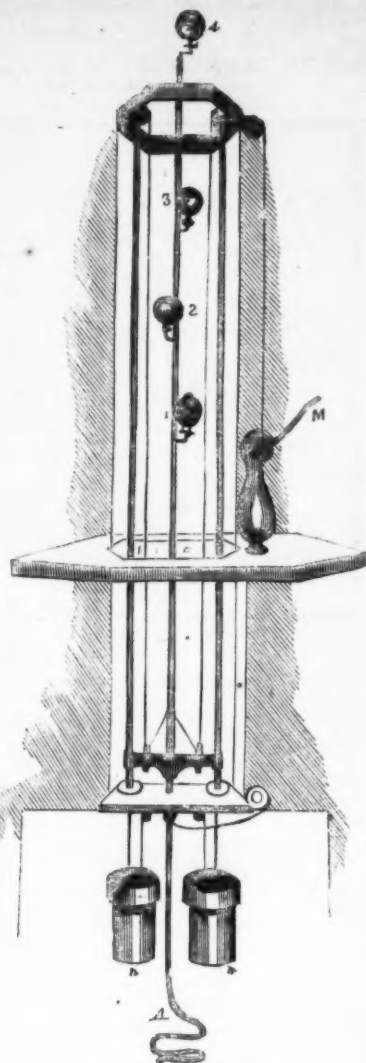
STEAM FIRE ENGINE DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.



"FIRE TOWER" OF CINCINNATI, ERECTED ON THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

at alternate distances. These globes are about fifteen inches in diameter and are covered with red flannel cloth; in the day time from a distance they appear like solid balls, at night they are illuminated, and appear a brilliant red. Upon an alarm of fire the watchman immediately, by the aid of a crank, hoists one, two, three or four balls above the top of the tower, according to the district in which the fire may be, and at the same time, without leaving his place, by the aid of a lever conveniently placed, he strikes the alarm upon a bell weighing six thousand five hundred and forty-nine pounds, provided for that purpose, and which is placed on the farther end of the roof of the Institute. On the ground floor next to the Mechanics' Institute is the fourth district engine house. The tower is furnished with a speaking tube communicating with this house, so that the moment a fire is discovered the watchman announces the fact to the firemen in the engine house below, and gives the district in which it is raging, also to the other engines, which under most circumstances pass the fourth district house, and thus they obtain the information of the exact location of the fire. To give as complete an idea as possible of the utility and efficiency of the Cincinnati fire department, we have adopted the fourth district house for our series of illustrations.

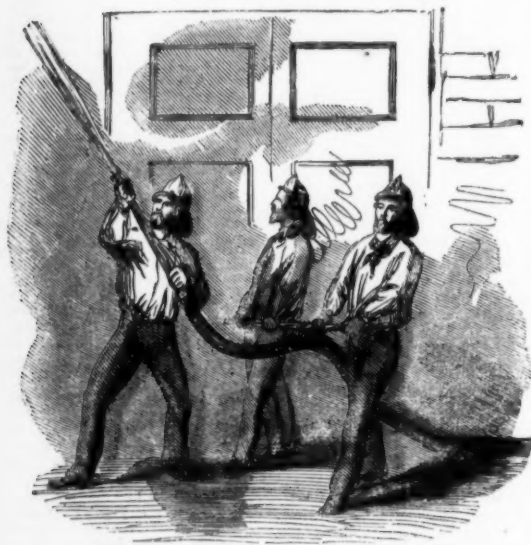
These seven fire engine houses of Cincinnati are not little "cubbys," such as we have in New York, but substantial edifices, occupying two lots, and fifty feet wide. They are built so that throughout the day they are literally open to the passers-by thronging the streets, and any one who chooses can walk in and inspect the different things connected with these useful buildings. The large "steamer" stands on one side with its pipe directly under a funnel, so that the smoke from the slumbering fires of the furnace escape out of the roof; beneath the engine is a brick well to catch any cinders which might fall and litter the floor, or endanger the safety of the building. Alongside stand two carts, each carrying two thousand feet of hose; they are so large that our New York hose carts look like toys by the contrast, and instead of being dragged by fifty men and boys one horse efficiently does the labor. There is also to be seen what appears to be a small hand-cart, which contains the fuel taken to the fire to supply steam. This cart is attached to the hose when it goes to the fire. In the fourth district house is to be seen the only hook and ladder carriage in Cincinnati! It is drawn by two horses, and accompanied by the captain and a small number of men.



SIGNAL APPARATUS OF THE FIRE TOWER OF CINCINNATI.

1, 2, 3, 4, Round glass balls. A coil of gutta percha pipe three inches in diameter, which connects the upright shaft (which is also a large gas pipe) with the fixed pipe below, and allows the balls to be raised or lowered. M, The crank which hoists the balls, either one or all, above the top of the tower. n, n, Weights to steady the machinery as it moves up and down. When all the balls are visible the highest one is twenty feet above the top of the tower.

At the back of the house, and on the same floor, is a large stable, running the entire width of the building, containing six of the finest draught horses in the country. Attached to the fourth district "steamer" are four grays, perfect matches; the largest weighs one thousand five hundred pounds, the smallest one thirteen hundred and fifty. Each horse has its name, and answers to it with great intelligence. These horses stand all day with their trappings on, ready to work at a moment's notice. At night the harness, which, by the way, is in one piece, is taken off. As the men attached to the engine all sleep in the house, each horse has a person especially appointed to bring him out; consequently, at night, the in-

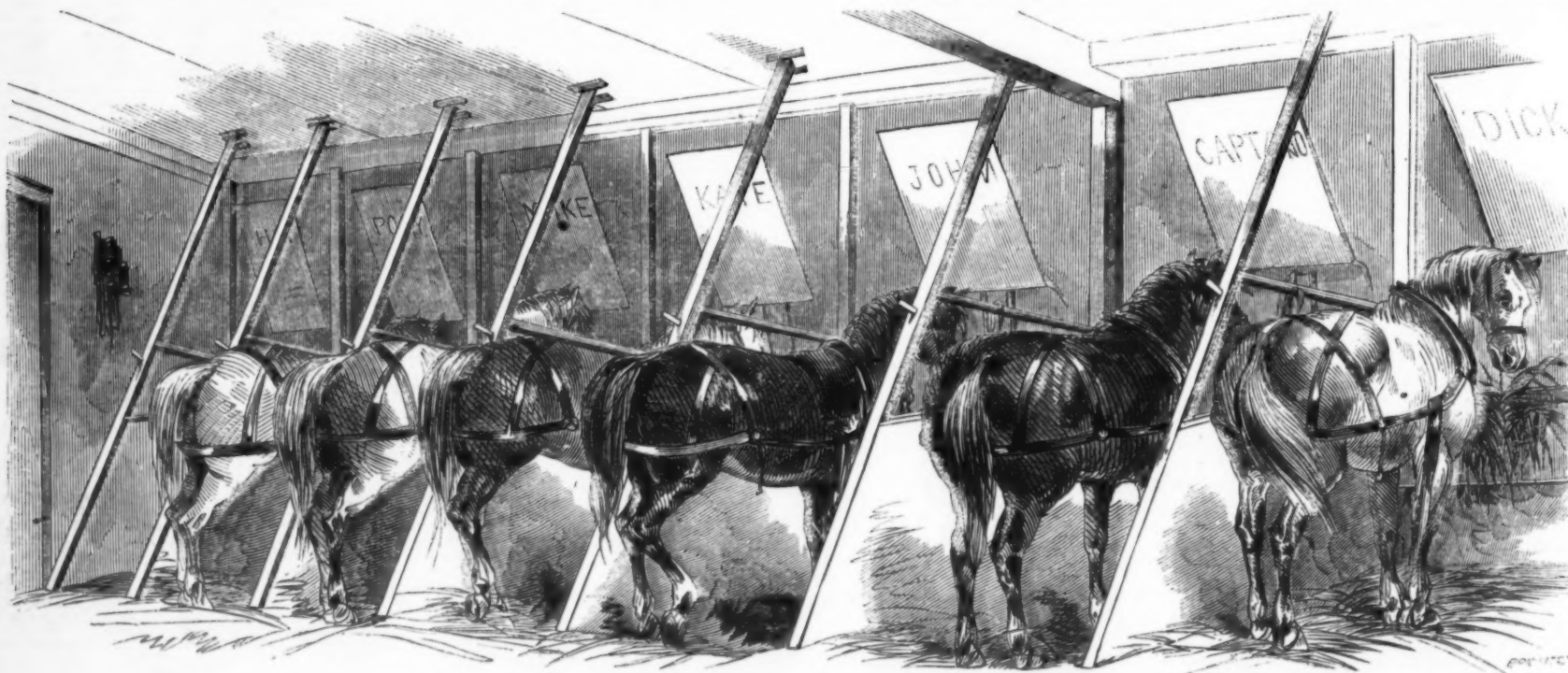


THE MANNER OF HOLDING THE PIPE OF THE STEAM FIRE ENGINE.

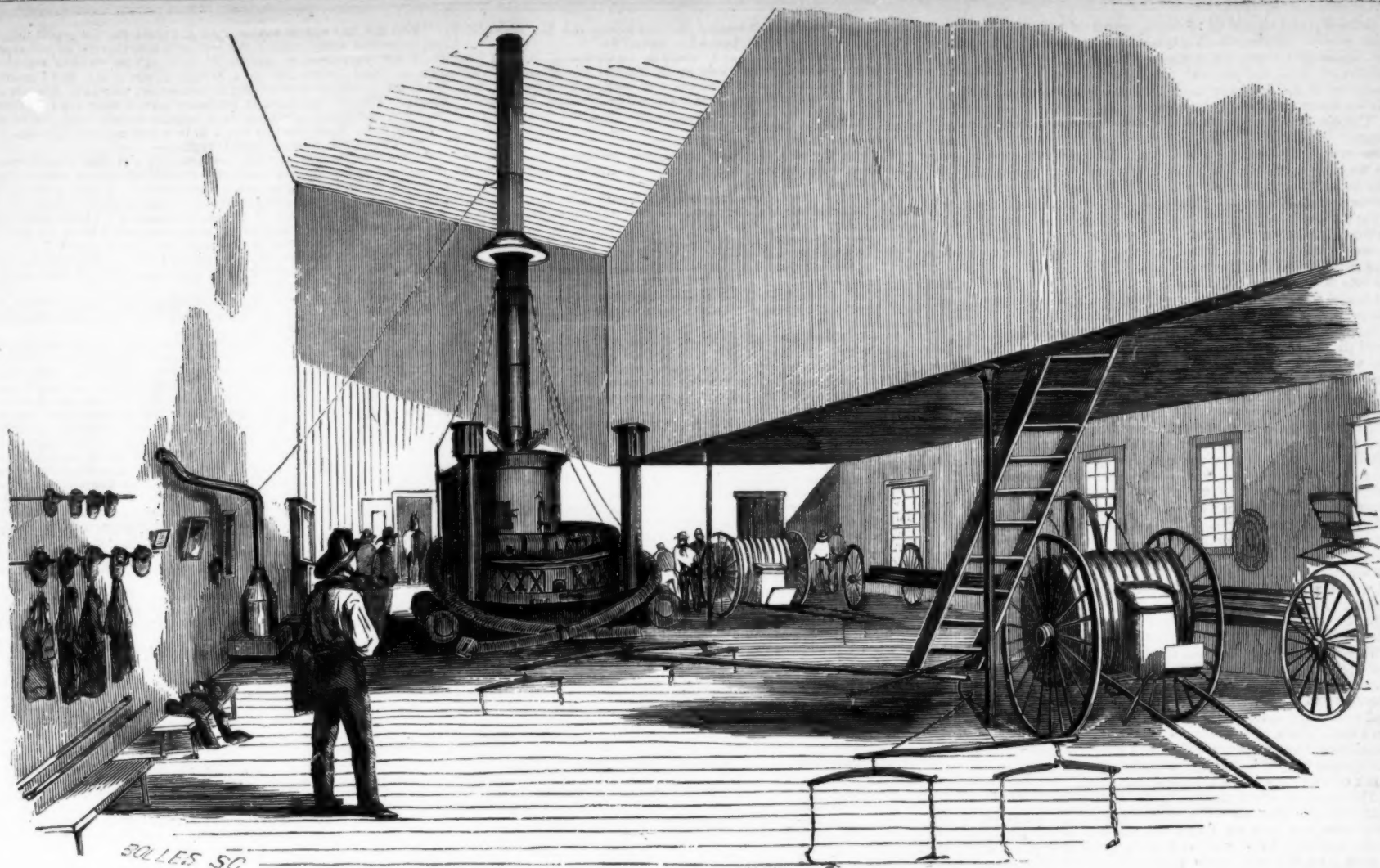
The city of Cincinnati is divided into four districts, which form complete squares. On one of the central corners of these squares, and of course in the centre of the fire department, stands the Mechanics' Institute, upon which the citizens erected a tower at their own expense, and donated it with one of the "steamers" to the fire department. This is the only "fire tower" in the city, and for its completeness deserves an especial notice. Its sides are pierced with glass windows, which command a view of every part of the city. It is occupied by two watchmen who are night and day on duty, relieving each other every six hours. In the centre of the tower is a large wooden cylinder, which resembles the mast of a vessel. Through this, by appropriate machinery, works the signal apparatus, which consists of four glass globes fastened upon a shaft



E. G. MEGRUE, ESQ., CHIEF OF THE CINCINNATI FIRE DEPARTMENT. AMBROTYPE BY CARPENTER, OF CINCINNATI.



VIEW OF THE STABLE ATTACHED TO THE FOURTH DISTRICT STEAM ENGINE HOUSE, CINCINNATI.



INTERIOR OF THE FOURTH DISTRICT STEAM FIRE ENGINE HOUSE, CINCINNATI.

stant the alarm is given, each horse is in an incredible short space of time harnessed and in his place. In many instances the men have been in bed asleep, the horses lying in their stalls, and in two minutes from the time the alarm was given, men, horses, and engine and hose were on their way to the fire.

The officers of a steamer consist of a foreman, assistant-foreman, pipeman, fireman and driver. On the alarm being given, the fireman rushes to the furnace and with a torch lights the fire un-

der all the surface of the grate; the engineer takes his place in front of the engine, his duty being to turn on and off the steam, as the foreman may direct; the driver springs into the saddle on the near horse and guides the near leader with a rein; the off horses he controls by voice and whip. In proceeding to a fire, the two hose carts lead and clear the way, and the steamer follows at a short distance, so that in case of another coming through a cross street the driver can signal the steamer to pull

up; if nothing is in the way the steamer rattles over the pavements like flying artillery.

On arriving at a fire the driver takes his horses into a neighboring street, or any convenient place, and never leaves his charge. The two suction pipes are instantly lifted from their hooks and placed in a cistern (the streets being amply provided with them), and then all that is necessary to do is to attach the hose and everything is ready. And all this is done with precision and



MAYOR THOMAS RECEIVING THE INVITED GUESTS AT THE DEPOT OF THE LITTLE MIAMI RAILROAD, CINCINNATI.

quietness; and instead of seeing a crowd of men and boys, in each others' way, in New York and other Atlantic cities, you see an engine of a dozen times the power of our best hand engine controlled by a few persons, not a word being spoken, the remainder of the company meantime being engaged in ordinary duties about the burning building.

The contrivances to raise steam almost on the instant are very happy. The boiler is flat, rendering a large surface of grate necessary. The wood is distributed thinly over the grate, and, as we have already stated, is fired in every part by a torch. In the boiler there is no more water than can with great promptness be converted into vapor; this done, a little engine, designated "the doctor," supplies fresh water enough to make another respiration of steam, and then another, and so on as long as the motive power is needed. Two safety valves are attached to each boiler, one only of which is under the control of the engineer, so that if he gets enthusiastic and shuts down the valve, he cannot by his ill-timed zeal, as was the case on a former melancholy occasion, cause an explosion.

The force of the water is so great that it requires two men to hold the end of the hose (see illustration), while the third with the nozzle directs the stream. The nozzles are for utility and not for beauty, being only eighteen inches long, and therefore easily inserted into any opening that offers, that leads to the heart of the devouring element.

After a fire, the engines return at walking pace to their different station-houses. We were much amused at the way the driver backed the cumbersome machine into the house with the four horses, which was done by whip and command alone. Inside the house is a tube or funnel fixed to the roof; the engine must be backed so that the funnel comes under this tube to allow the smoke to escape. This was done while the horses were attached. The driver then took his horses from the traces—the firemen cleaned out the furnace and relaid the fuel for the next occasion it would be needed. This is done by first putting a tier of shavings on the grate which covers the whole surface of the boiler; then a tier of splinters or laths on top of the shavings; then the ordinary blocks of wood in general use. As soon as the fire is lighted and the steam well up, the fire is continued with coal. The engineer and the rest of the firemen then polish the engine, and in a short time it is in the same state as when it went from the house. The average of the fires which take place, according to the Chief's statement, is not more than one per week, and sometimes as long as three weeks elapsed without having to turn out. Such is the sense of security which citizens feel in Cincinnati, that we were informed by several persons that if a fire should happen in the house next their own they would not think of moving a single article of furniture.

The force of water thrown by these machines is so powerful, that if people interfere with the firemen by crowding too near, they turn the hose on them, the water of which pushes them down, and they scamper off as best they can, taking the thing as a good joke, and afterwards keep as far as is necessary away. Instead of a great number of men, boys and loafers being congregated about a fire, as is the case in our Eastern cities, all that one can see are the large engines taking up their stations—sometimes four or five hundred feet from the fire—only two persons near them, viz., the engineer and fireman. These powerful machines then commence doing their work quietly and more efficiently than hundreds of men could do it.

This steam fire department was organized by Miles Greenwood, and it was through his influence that the old department was reorganized.

When going to a fire, the horses seemed as anxious and as excited as the men, and the instant the bell was sounded they knew the moment for going on duty had arrived.

The steam is generally got up in seven minutes from the time the furnaces are fired, and we believe that it has never happened that it was not ready when the engine arrived at the scene of action.

The inventor of the fire engines suggests that the insurance companies should make it a part of the agreement with insurers, more especially in regard to warehouses, to have a large iron pipe, six inches in diameter, fixed perpendicularly in the side of the wall of every building, midway between the front and rear, with a hose hole on every story. By this arrangement, in times of fire, the steamer's hose could be attached to this perpendicular pipe, and thus facilitate the firemen, who would be relieved of the necessity of carrying a large quantity of hose into the upper parts of buildings.

In Cincinnati, for the most dangerous wooden tenements not more than one-half per cent. is asked for insurance.

OTELIA CLAYTON;

OR,

THE FORSAKEN BRIDE.

BY MISS A. E. DUPUY.

AUTHOR OF THE "COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOOD," "HUGENOT EXILES," ETC.

The preceding chapters may be found in the monthly part for June.

CHAPTER XX.

WITH that wild cry, Dora sank insensible upon the breast of Clayton, and he turned to Col. Wentworth as he clasped the nerveless form, with the belief that while a hope remained that life still animated it, he would not permit her again to be thrown into the power of her father. He was right, for the horror-stricken man spoke in husky tones,

"Let us take her away—she may not be fatally wounded, and after this outrage Dick Wentworth shall never claim her again. Lose no time, Arthur, the house is aroused."

He seized the lantern, and the two dashed forward through the alley; voices and lights were flitting about and windows were raised in every direction, while people called out to know what was the matter. Regardless of the tumult they left behind, the two fugitives sped on toward the gate, which was left wide open by the negro boy in his fright at the report of the pistol, and the carriage was gained before a clue was obtained to the course they had taken.

Col. Wentworth jumped in and received the senseless girl in his arms; he called out to the driver,

"Your reward shall be doubled if you take us to the steamer *Lysander*, which lies at the landing, in as short a time as possible."

The door was no sooner closed on Clayton than the man whipped his horses into a gallop, and they went like the wind toward the point named. Col. Wentworth placed his hand on the heart of his niece and felt that it yet throbbed with life; uttering a fervent ejaculation of thanks, he then passed it over her dress and face to ascertain if blood was flowing from any vital portion of her person. It was yet intensely dark, for the moon had set and heavy clouds veiled the stars. The carriage lamps had not been lighted, lest they might betray the vicinity of the vehicle while it waited for its passengers, and in this terrible uncertainty they were whirled toward the steamer. Accidentally the hand of Dora came in contact with that of Clayton, and he felt that it was cold and damp; clasping it in both his own, the warm slippery feeling of welling blood caused him to utter a cry.

"I have found it! her arm, her hand are covered with blood! oh! my God! this is too terrible! Can we never get to a light to see what fatal thing has happened?"

"We are rapidly nearing the landing, I see the lantern at the steamer's bow; courage, calmness now are worth everything to this hapless child. I believe no vital wound has been received; take my

handkerchief and bind it around the arm to stop the flow of blood. It is that, probably, which keeps her insensible."

Clayton obeyed as well as he could in the darkness, and in a few more moments the carriage drew up in front of the steamer. The watchman was on deck, and he came at once with a lantern to the gangway and lowered it with the assistance of a man he aroused from his slumber for that purpose. Anxious to avoid observation as much as possible, Col. Wentworth carried the light form of Dora in his own arms, merely saying to the man,

"This is the sick lady who was expected at this hour; show me her state-room; and you, driver, wait for me here. I shall return to the hotel again with you."

Devoured by anxiety to ascertain the injury Dora had received, Arthur followed closely, and while the man who accompanied them was leisurely lighting the lamp on that side of the chandelier nearest her state-room, Clayton said to him,

"That will not be sufficient light. The young lady is very ill, and I believe is quite insensible. Give us your lantern."

"It's agin the rules to have a candle in the state-rooms, but of the young gal is sick, I s'pose you must see what is the matter with her. Tho' it's a strange time o' night to bring a sick woman on a steamboat."

By this time Dora was placed upon the bed by her uncle, and throwing open the door of the lantern, the light streamed upon her pallid face. On removing her bonnet, a long tress of hair fell loosely from it, and the two uttered an exclamation of horror when they saw that the bullet had grazed her temple, cutting off the hair and slightly excoiating the flesh.

"A hair's breadth nearer and she never would have breathed again," said Col. Wentworth, with a shudder.

"Oh! it is a narrow escape that wretched man has made from killing his own daughter."

He tenderly touched the wounded arm and carefully unwound the folds of silk in which Arthur had lately enveloped it; sensibility was evidently returning, for she moaned slightly and made a faint effort to withdraw her hand from his clasp. On laying the arm bare, a wound reaching nearly from the wrist to the elbow was visible, which seemed to have been made by the bullet coming in contact with it as she was in the act of throwing it up. The flesh was laid open, but no artery was touched, for the flow of blood was partially stanching by the inefficient means already applied.

Like nearly all Southern planters, Colonel Wentworth was a pretty good surgeon and physician; he tore up the cambric handkerchief which was found in the pocket of Dora's dress, and, closing the wound, bound it up with skill and care. While thus employed, Arthur was by no means idle. He found a pitcher of water in the cabin, and bathed the pale face of the poor girl until she unclosed her eyes with a long tremulous sigh, and looked upon the two who were watching her with such intense solicitude. It was several moments before she seemed to collect herself sufficiently to recall the events of the last hour; but suddenly, she attempted to rise, as she muttered,

"What has happened? What am I doing here? How did I get here?"

"I brought you, my dear," gently replied her uncle. "Do you not remember you were to come on the steamer to-night, and leave for Norfolk in the morning? Mr. Clayton and myself are with you."

"And my father?" she vaguely asked, "what have you done with him?"

"Oh! he is safe enough; you need have no uneasiness about him, I am sure."

Something in the tone of her uncle's voice seemed to touch a chord in the jarred brain, and the whole scene through which she had lately passed flashed upon her. She glanced wildly toward Clayton, and, lifting her finger, pointed to the brim of his hat, which Colonel Wentworth had not before noticed. It was half torn away, and as Dora significantly raised her wounded arm, he said,

"I see it all now, Arthur. To save you, the poor child threw up her hand, and herself received the wound which would have been fatal to you. At the moment my brother fired, your heads were nearly on a line with each other, and the same bullet which cut off Dora's hair would have destroyed you, if she had not turned its course by her brave act."

"I owe you my life a second time, Miss Wentworth," said Clayton, with earnest feeling. "All that is noble and true within me, I hereafter dedicate to your service."

"You owe me nothing—nothing—I saved him from the commission of so dread a crime, and that was all I thought of."

Tears gushed from her eyes, and her uncle said,

"There must be a chambermaid on board; get the watchman to rouse her, Arthur, and tell her I will pay her well to get up and prepare a sick lady for bed. Dora must sleep now, or she will awake with a fever in the morning. We cannot afford delay, and I will return to the hotel to look after Sim and my baggage. I must leave you here a short time to see that my niece is properly attended to."

As Clayton passed out, he quietly lifted the tress of hair which had been severed from the temple of Dora, and hastily coiling its silken sheen around his finger, placed it carefully within a fold of paper and laid it next his heart, as a memento of the incident of that night. He had not a doubt that the rapid motion of her arm had diverted the course of the ball, which else would have buried itself in his brain; and henceforth this braid of hair should be a talisman worn as a shield against temptation—against every ignoble thought or feeling which might desecrate the life so heroically saved by this fragile girl.

The chambermaid, a bustling, kindhearted negress, was found, who no sooner understood that a lady was ill and needed her assistance, than she arose with alacrity, and, after a brief delay, proceeded to Miss Wentworth's stateroom. In anticipation of her intended flight, Dora's trunks had been brought on board with that of Clayton, and, with the aid of her new attendant, the exhausted girl was soon placed comfortably in bed.

There she wept herself to sleep over the incidents of the night, but she finally did sleep, though her slumbers were broken by frequent starts and moans, which showed that the half dormant sensibilities still quivered from the effects of the blow they had recently received.

In the meantime, Colonel Wentworth returned to the hotel to find a knot of curious and inquiring people assembled in the public room, who could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion concerning the late disturbance. The unlucky black boy had been dragged up for examination, as it had been ascertained that the party fired on had escaped through the egress afforded them by the gate in his charge.

With a reckless disregard of facts, he vehemently protested that he had no knowledge of the gate being open, and had seen no one since the usual hour for locking it up. As Colonel Wentworth entered, he was saying,

"I fear before de blessed Marster up yonder," pointing toward the sky, "dat I never knowed nothin' 'tall 'bout dese here people goin' off, an' as to de gate bein' left open, dat's neither here nor thar. I ain't 'countable for other folks openin' it, arter I'm in my bed, I reckon."

"But the gate was unlocked, and it is your business to take care of the key," said his master. "Tell the truth, boy, for it's no matter if you did let them out; I don't keep people from going out the back way if they prefer it. All I wish is to know something certain about the affair."

"Let the lad alone," said a calm voice, "and I will explain all that need be known about the matter. I was the chief actor in the scene that occurred here to-night; my object was to remove my adopted daughter from her father's authority. The young lady is my niece, as some of you probably know, and was legally given to me in her childhood. I have educated her as my own, and at the last moment her father, in a fit of caprice, refused to let her go with me, though he has no home of his own that is suitable to receive her in. By some unlucky mischance, he discovered his daughter's evasion at the moment it was taking place, and in a fit of ungovernable fury fired upon us. I am happy to assure you that no serious results followed, and those who escaped from the alley are safe."

A voice from the further side of the room asked, "What have you done with the brother you have robbed of his daughter?"

Col. Wentworth turned in the direction of the speaker, but the imperfect light showed only the outline of a tall figure with his hat drawn over his eyes. He said—

"I do not know that you have the right to ask the question, but I will reply to it, nevertheless. Richard Wentworth is in safe hands, and I will answer for his appearance when and where it may become necessary."

"Perhaps that will be sooner than you think for, old gentleman," responded the same voice. "I was up when this fracas occurred, and I saw your brother carried off by men who claimed him as a lunatic. Now I know that he is as sane as you or me, and I intend to sue out a writ of habeas corpus to-morrow, and have him set at liberty. You're a specimen of brotherly love, I must say; stealing his child, and shutting him up in a lunatic asylum, until you're off with the girl. I tell you this won't do in a free country like ours."

Col. Wentworth contemptuously replied—

"I don't know who or what you are, sir, who thus take it upon yourself to comment upon and interfere with my private affairs; but it is very evident that you are no gentleman. I have given such explanation of the disturbance which occurred here to-night as I deemed the circumstances of the case demanded. I have acted for the best for the parties most nearly concerned, and I leave the result to a higher power than can be controlled by human agency."

The person he addressed came forward with a revolver in one hand and a knife in the other. His eyes sparkled with fury, as he said, in a tone of concentrated rage,

"You have insulted me, sir, and denied my claim to be considered a gentleman. As good blood flows in my veins as in your own, and I demand instant satisfaction."

"Which you shall have," replied Wentworth, coolly, and he put back the bystanders who would have stepped between them. Before Walker could prepare himself, by a sudden spring his antagonist threw himself upon him, knocked the pistol out of one hand, and wrenched the knife from the other. Had the bravo known that the man he thus challenged was one of the most accomplished boxers and fencers of his day, he would scarcely have ventured to the defiance, angry as he was at the contemptuous manner of his opponent. Strong limbed and active as Walker was, with nearly twenty years advantage over Col. Wentworth, he found himself nearly helpless in the iron grasp that clutched him, and held him down until he had well punished him for his insolence. Some of the bystanders would have interfered, but others withheld them, declaring it should be a fair fight, and if the elder could whip the younger man he should do it without interference.

After a few well planted blows, Col. Wentworth threw the robber from him half way across the room, and with a face as unruffled as if nothing unpleasant had occurred, said—

"Let this teach you to know your man, you miserable bully, before you again offer to attack another with arms in your hands. The lesson I have just given you may be of use in the future, and I would advise you to profit by it."

Foaming with rage Walker arose, and shaking his clenched hand at him, hoarsely said—

"The hour shall come in which this shall be dearly repented. If you would escape my vengeance for the insult you have put upon me by using your superior strength against me in this ungentlemanly manner, accept the challenge I gave. Let us fire across the table, until either one or the other falls."

"Excuse me—I do not fear your future vengeance, and I have affairs of such importance to settle in this world, that I decline taking a ticket for the next one quite yet; neither do I think you are exactly the sort of person whose welcome there would warrant me in sending you on such a journey. I would advise you to go to bed, and sleep off the effects of the brandy you have been taking, and let me and my affairs alone. No one meddles with me without getting more than he bargained for, I can tell you."

"You will not fight, then?"

"Not with pistol or bowie-knife; but I'll give you another round of boxing, if you are not satisfied with what you have already received. I do not choose to fight a duel with such a man as you, but I do not scruple to punish your impertinence by giving you a good drubbing."

"Such a man as I am!" roared Walker, in a transport of fury.

"In this Republic one man is as good as another, and no one can refuse to fight without incurring the charge of cowardice."

"Different classes of people have different opinions on the same subject. I have my own standard, and act up to it. I would advise you to keep out of my way, or I will crush you as I would a viper on my path."

The speaker turned contemptuously away, and went to the counter to pay his bill to the sleepy clerk who sat there on duty throughout the greater part of the night. Walker picked up his pistol and knife, and with a dark look toward his conqueror, muttered,

"And a viper on your path I will prove, whose sting shall be deadly to both you and that young man who so cleverly helped you off with the girl. I have the means of accomplishing it through that band of organized ruffians in the West, with whom I have already had some dealings. Oh! never fear—never fear, Col. Wentworth, but I shall prove more than a match for you yet, in spite of your threats. The finely-tempered steel cuts deep, but the heavy claymore crushes at a blow, and your triumph over me shall be of brief duration."

As Walker approached Colonel Wentworth, he at once recognized him as the man he had seen in conversation with his brother; and with that fine intuition which some organizations possess, he immediately knew that, through his agency, the scene which had so bitterly pained him had been brought about. All the antagonism in his nature was aroused by the thought, and he was resolute to punish at once the creature who had armed the reckless father against his only child. Without permitting himself a moment's reflection, he accepted the defiance as promptly as it was offered, and the result has been seen.

After arousing Sim from his slumbers, and despatching him to the boat with his baggage, Colonel Wentworth again entered the carriage, and was driven to Dr. Allen's. His sense of humanity and justice would not permit the wretched father to remain in doubt as to the result of his frantic act; and his object was to gain a last interview with Richard Wentworth, and obtain from him such a pledge as would enable him to release him at once from the duration in which he was held. Walker's threat had shown him that an effort would be made to remove his brother from the control of Dr. Allen, and thus attention be drawn to the unpleasant family difficulties which he felt had already caused scandal enough against their name. Before this could be done, he was anxious to compromise with Richard, and give him his liberty, on the condition that Dora should go South with him without further molestation.

The sun was rising, with brilliant promise of a lovely day, when he alighted before the door of Dr. Allen's mansion, and that gentleman himself came out on the steps to greet him. He looked very serious as he said,

"I am afraid, from your brother's ravings, that something dreadful has happened. He is impressed with the belief that he has either destroyed or dangerously wounded his daughter. I have despatched a messenger to ascertain if the young lady is really hurt, but he has not yet returned. Tell me at once, I beg, that I may relieve his fears."

"I came myself to lift that dread from his soul; though what has really happened is terrible enough to arouse remorse in any man not given over to utter hardness of heart. Dick aimed to destroy the young friend who was assisting me to carry my niece off, but the bullet wounded Dora, and she will bear with her to her grave the marks of her father's violence."

"And what have you done with her? Is she still at the hotel?"

"No. I was resolute that, dead or alive, I would take her with me; and on gaining the steamer on which we design leaving this morning, I found that an unimportant flesh-wound on the arm was the only injury she had received—though the bullet passed so near her temple as to rasp the skin and cut off the braid of hair that lay upon it."

The listener shuddered.

"That narrow escape from inflicting death upon his child will surely exert a salutary influence on Mr. Wentworth. I left him just now completely overcome by the dread that is upon him. Will you go into him at once, or shall I precede you?"

"I had better see him myself before his feelings have had time to react. Much depends on the result of this interview."

The doctor led the way across the wide hall into a small reception room, where Richard Wentworth sat with his head upon a table, and his hands thrown hopelessly above them. Heavy sighs broke from his breast, and he seemed overwhelmed with anguish. He did not heed their entrance, and Dr. Allen went quite up to him and touched him before he looked around. The physician quietly said,

"Mr. Wentworth, I have news for you—good news."

He sprang up, as if he had received an electric shock.

"Good news! good! My daughter, then, is safe! I did not kill her! But to make the news really good, you must add that my shot

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"Women, too, have their non-penal calls. When two young ladies for example, dear friends, meet to exchange patterns or experiences—to talk over the triumphs and trials of last night's ball—to compare notes as to husbands, and housekeeping—to bewail the backslidings of butlers, the contrariness of cooks, or the high-flyings of housemaids, I do not doubt that they really enjoy themselves. I can readily imagine two vicious old maids, keenly rel-

ishing a good 'go-in' at the reputation or circumstances of their friends. I can conceive their bitter pleasure in tearing to pieces some fair young fame—or in routing out some grim skeleton from its closet in the house of a common acquaintance; or in letting loose from its bag some cat, likely to run about freely, and to bite and scratch a great many people in the neighborhood."

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"But the real penance of penances is that social performance called 'leaving cards.' Every day, when I come home from my office, I find my hall table littered with these pieces of pasteboard. There is a physiognomy about them. Take the newly married card, for instance, on which Mr. and Mrs. Coobiddy always figure in couples, a sort of conubial four-poster among the pack; or Captain Blunderbore's card—the most tiny and lady-like square of glazed pasteboard, with letters so small that they almost require the help of a magnifying glass to make them out; or Mrs. Mangelwurzel's solid and substantial ticket, heavy as her jointure, the letters square as her bank account, and as firmly impressed on the paper as her dignity and importance on her mind. Here is the pasteboard representative of lively Mrs. Marabout—limp, light, spider-charactered, engraved in Paris; and here medicinally-minded Mr. Pyxon has stamped himself in Gothic characters as difficult to decipher as the directions to strangers in the City Hall."

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